THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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MOUNTAIN MUSINGS.

Graphic and Interesting Letter From the Hon. A. L. Morrison On the Natural Beauties of New Mexico.

How It Feels to Look Down Upon the Superb Machinery of a Highland Thunder Storm.

[*To the Editor.*]

SANTA FE, N. M., Jan. 27.—Business of a pressing character called me to the mountains a few days since, and believing that your readers on the level prairies would like to hear something from the highlands, I present them the following: About twenty miles from Santa Fe the D. & R. G. R. R. reaches the great river which is known as the "Rio Grande del Norte, the "Rio Bravo del Norte," and as it reaches the gulf simply as the "Rio Grande." No river in the world traverses in its 1,800 miles a more tortuous and varied course. Taking its rise amid the eternal snows of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado, it traverses the entire territory of New Mexico (to where its boundaries meet those of Texas and Old Mexico) and thence continues its way until it empties its waters into the warm waves of the Mexican Gulf. At times it can be seen gently meandering over a broad mesa (table land) sparkling and dimpling in the sunlight, as innocent looking as a child at play, again it flows amid fields of grain or alfalfa, giving life and verdure to the charmiug scene; then it lingers lovingly through beautiful gardens, where heavily laden trees bend to the earth with delicious loads of choicest fruit, anon abandoning its peaceful character, it hurls itself impetuously over fire-blackened rocks, breaking and bursting into angry spray, or plowing its turbulent course through deep rugged canons, whose dark recesses are seldom lighted by the cheerful beams of the blessed sun.

During certain years when snows are

[illegible]

clouds cover the mountains with its snow or cloud bursts discharge torrents of rain on the thirsty earth, then the furious river rushes along like a legion of demons of destruction, spreading ruin and desolation over the rich low lying farms on its banks, and sweeping barns, houses and bridges like feathers on its resistless waves. Yesterday a railroad was being operated along miles of country, and today rails, ties, stations and houses are gone, and the mighty stream has violently usurped their places to retain them forever. More written and unwritten history has been enacted on its banks than on any other place in America; crossing it at El Paso del Norte, the early Spanish conquerors, followed its course up through New Mexico and Colorado, and established their colonies on every side a hundred years before the Puritans landed at Plymouth Rock. At a small town called Embudo, the road makes a very steep ascent of a few miles until it reaches one of those mesas which occur so frequently in these mountains; running almost parallel with the road loom up the lofty peaks of the "Sangre de Christo"range—permit a digression here for a brief space.

Some years ago my duty as United States marshal called me to the little town of Taos, to reach which my deputies and I had to pass through the "Sangre de Christo." The day was unusually fine, but just as we reached the highest point on our route, the wind came in those short and angry gusts which generally presage a storm. It is no pleasant matter to be caught on the summit of a bare mountain in such tempests as often expend their furies thereon, and we began to look around for shelter. Just then our attention was attracted by a strange and unusual phenomenon in the elements; from where we stood we could (in clear weather) see several thousand feet down to the low lands, but then the entire space was filled with dark masses of clouds rolling hither and thither in the wildest confusion: suddenly a vivid flash of forked lightning pierced the clouds followed by a heavy peal of thunder, which rolled in startling reverberations upward and was then caught by the echoes and flung from peak to peak with amazing distiuctness.

Amazed and awe-stricken, we stood gazing down upon such a sublime spectacle as has never been my lot to witness before or since. One could almost fancy, as the lightnings flashed from different directions, that the genii of the air were waging desperate war with each other, and that their embattled hosts were hidden from us by the dense vapors a thousand feet beneath us. In half an hour the storm had passed over, the sun was shining with unusual splendor, and a few miles of travel brought us to where we could see the lovely valley of Taos sparkling amid the mountains "like an emerald in a virgin's zone." And now let us back to our journey. About half way across the mesa before mentioned, we arrived at the dinner station of Servietta, in the midst of a driving snow storm, and you may judge of my astonishment at seeing a copy of the *Nationalist*, published in Clonmel, Tipperary, Ireland.

"Tall is his form, his heart is warm,
His spirit light as any fairy,
His wrath is fearful as the storm
That sweeps the hills of Tipperary.
Though Britain boasts her British hosts
About them all right little care we,
Give us to guard our native coasts
The matchless men of Tipperary."

Nightfall brought us to Antonita, Colorado, 8,000 feet above sea level, and morning found us climbing to still loftier altitudes. Close by the town the zigzag course of the road passes a station house three times, close by the house, each time. Then up, up, up, until the dizzy altitude of 10,015 feet is reached. As the train pursues its serpentine course, one can never see more than a few hundred feet ahead, indeed it looks as if we were continually running into a cul de sac and could go no further, but turns, compared to which the famous Horseshoe on the Pennsylvania railroad, in the Alleghenies, is like a straight line, are made, and on we go. The roadbed at no place is more than six or seven feet wide, being a mere shelf scraped along the sides of the mountains where no road or trail had ever been before. At one side of the cars you can look down on forests of lofty pines 3,000 feet below, and at the other side the mountain rises almost as high. A loosened rock falling on the car, a broken rail or a fractured wheel, would hurl a train and its passengers to certain destruction. On emerging from the Cimmerian darkness of a tunnel I was astonished and gratified to see a monument which had been erected to the memory of the immortal, martyred President Garfield. All this time snow was falling steadily, clothing the mighty mountains in robes of spotless white to their very summits, except where the pine forests stood out in black masses, and as the train wound slowly around the giddy precipices the huge masses of rock seemed to be performing solemn marches in honor of the Great Creator. Surely human eye never gazed upon a scene of more sublime grandeur than this, and yet thousands of our globe trotters spend millions of dollars yearly in visits to the lesser glories of the Alps, in utter ignorance of the splendid and unequalled scenery of America. As I sat gazing in mute wonder at the awful masses of rock splintered into thousands of fantastic forms, Scott's majestic lines, describing a kindred scene, from "The Lords of the Isles" came to mind, and as they depict, in most appropriate language, these rugged mountains. I quote them here:

[illegible]

And that each naked precipice
Sable ravine and dark abyss,
Tells of the outrage still.
The wildest glen, but this, can show
Some touch of nature's genial glow;
But here—above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor plant, nor shrub, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power
The weary eye can ken.
For all is rocks at random thrown
Black waves, bare crags and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew
That clothe with many a varied hne
The bleakest mountain side.
Huge terraces of granite black
Afforded rude and cumbered track,
For from the mountain hoar,
Hurled headlong in some night of fear,
When yelled the wolf and fled the deer,
Loose crags had toppled o'er,
And some chance-poised and balanced lay,
So that a stripling arm might sway
A mass no host could raise
In nature's rage at random thrown,
Yet trembling like the druid's stone
On its precarious base."

About 3 o'clock p. m. we reached Chania, 12 miles from the highest part of the road, which makes a descent of about 1,800 feet in that short distance, in some places being over 250 feet to the mile. I fared very comfortably there for a night and day, but the next night I slept in a large, unfinished two-story house, which had not a single door, except the outside ones, the partitions between the rooms being more imaginary than real. I need hardly say that I was very glad to get back to the almost perpetual sunshine of the City of the Holy Faith.

A. L. MORRISON.

WHERE ITALY SHOULD STAND.

[*To the Editor.*]

The reconciliation of Emperor William and Bismarck is highly significant. It is significant for war. They are clearing the decks for action. The disturbed state of Europe predisposes all the sovereigns to look to war as a distraction for their peoples. Internal affairs are causing too much trouble. Bloodletting is the cure for the popular congestion of the brain.

The commercial treaty with Pussia is an attempt to regain the friendship of the Great Northern power. Bismarck's policy was always favorable to Russia, and he was a favorite of the Czars. He believed in Germany and Russia remaining friends, and in allowing Russia to accomplish her destiny in Asia without hindrance. He first distinguished himself, in diplomacy and in war, as the enemy of Austria. He saw clearly that the interest of Prussia was to become supreme in North Germany, and he ousted Austria from Frankfort. Then he drove her out of Germany altogether, and created the present German empire at Austria's expense. He saw, and sees, clearly that Germany must increase by absorbing province after province of Austria. The annexation of Bavaria is only a prelude to the advance to the Danube. And the Austrian government is carefully preparing for its own destruction by assimilating its armies, its railways, its commercial code, its coinage and its language to that of its German rival. Even in Bohemia, Austria is fighting the anti-German Czechs.

But in Italy the wave of disturbance will in all probability reign. Things are getting desperate there. The return of Bismarck and Crispi together on the scene is not a mere coincidence. It is said that Italy has designs on Tripoli; but, in case of a war involving France, her objective would be Tunis. Italy has more to gain by friendship with France than by hostility. She can get nothing from the Triple Alliance but the expense of keeping up armaments disproportioned to her ability, and the impoverishment and discontent of her people. The present political condition of Italy cannot last. It is her King, for personal reasons, who drags Italy into the disastrous Triple Alliance. The discontent which is fast culminating against the government will imperil his throne.

Italy should naturally be a republic instead of a kingdom. If the royal incubus were removed, she would enjoy an era of peace that would give a chance for her industrial development; and, with her great advantages, she would become wealthy and prosperous. In many respects Italy resembles England. She is the England of the Mediterranean. And her natural alliance should be with England, instead of Germany. Her fleet combined with that of the United Kingdom would be able to meet all comers in the Mediterranean. With England's aid and countenance, she could make an effective occupation of Tripoli and Abyssinia, and perhaps reassert her claim to Jerusalem.

But the conditions of this new career is to cut loose from Germany and Austria, and to exchange her monarchy for a republic. Crispi as dictator would not be very different from Crispi as president. The historical character of Italy defies all efforts to make her a homgeneous and unified kingdom. Composed of states, formerly independent and often hostile, she cannot have all these obliterated without wiping out her traditions and her very life. With a republic or United States of Italy, the sixteen provinces, or states, would each enjoy Home Rule, and Sicily would not be exploited for the benefit of Piedmont.

Italy is peculiar also in having a religious question that does not affect other countries. She is religiously the metropolis of the world. As a republic there would be no conflict with the Papal sovereignty, and perhaps the Pope would be the honorary president of the republic, with an acting lay president to perform the [illegible] civil chief executive. So long as there is a king of Italy there must be a jealous enmity at the court toward the Vatican. No doubt King Humbert desires to be friendly and filial toward the Pope, but he cannot accomplish the impossible, and his crown is by necessity a challenge to the independence of the head of the church, and the constant reminder of a throne that is usurped.

W.

REGULATIONS FOR LENT.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 14.—*Rev. and Dear Sir:* During the approaching Lent, by special indult of the Holy Father, the following regulations will be observed in the archdiocese:

Flesh meat may be used at all meals on Sunday, and once each day at the principal meal, on the following days:

On Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays.

On all Saturdays, except Saturday of Ember week and Holy Saturday.

Flesh and fish are not allowed at the same meal.

Custom, tolerated by the church, permits coffee, tea or chocolate, with a small piece of bread, to be taken in the morning.

Custom also allows the use of eggs, butter, milk, etc., at the evening collation.

The following persons are not obliged to fast, viz: The sick and those in feeble health; women nursing children; all who are engaged in laborious and exhausting occupations; the young who have not completed their 21st year; and those who have reached the 60th year of their age.

Those who are excused from fasting on account of age or hard labor, may use flesh meat more than once on the days on which it is allowed.

All who are exempt from the law of fasting should endeavor to perform during Lent some other acts of piety and charity. The reverend pastors will, with their usual zeal, afford every opportunity and facility to their people of complying with their religious obligations during the Holy season.

The time for filling the Paschal duty extends from the first Sunday of Lent to Trinity Sunday, both included.

The annual collection for the Indian and Negro missions, and for the Propogation of the Faith, will be made in all the churches of the archdiocese on the first Sunday of Lent. The proceeds will be forwarded as soon as possible to the chancellor.

Our Holy Father the Pope has enjoined that a collection be made in the various churches on Good Friday, or some other convenient day, for the holy places in Palestine in care of the Franciscan Fathers. The amount will be sent to the chancellor in due time.

On Holy Thursday the chancellor will distribute the holy oils to the reverend clergy after the mass and ceremonies which will commence at 10 o'clock. All the pastors of the city are expected to be present at the blessing of the holy oils.

I remain, reverend and dear sir, yours faithfully in Christ,

PATRICK A. FEEHAN,
Archbishop of Chicago.
P. J. Muldoon, Chancellor and Sec'y.

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"SILKEN THOMAS."

Romantic Account of the Reasons That Led the Young Geraldine to Fling "Henry's Sword on Council Board, the English Thanes Among."

How, After a Glorious Struggle, He Was Betrayed by One He Had Befriended —The Traitor's Reward.

From chronicles and papers in the Record office an Irish exchange gathers the following account of the Rebellion of Silken Thomas:

Gerald, Lord Deputy, being summoned to render up an account of his administration before the Council Board of England, left his son, the Silken-vested Thomas, to act in his stead; but before he sailed the Lord Deputy took good care to warn the young Lord Thomas of the charge committed to his care. The Earl's speech to his son is preserved by Mortimer Holingshed, the chronicler, and it is full of good counsel and anxious forewarning. The recommendations of the Geraldine to the young Lord were not observed, because my Lord Thomas had wit and penetration enough to perceive that those who set up to be his counsellors were at heart but his secret foes, who desired nothing better than to lead him into evil and error, and then rejoice over the sorry consequences of his extravagances. The two Allens—the Archbishop and the Master of the Rolls—were so heartily his enemies that they could not be content to work his destruction in secret, but showed their animosity by open taunt and sharp cutting sarcasm. Once upon a time when there was a banquet in the Castle of Dublin, and at a moment when the conversation turned upon heraldic bearings the Allen who was Master of the Rolls observed by way of wit that the Lord Deputy's supporters, *marmansets* or monkeys, were in the habit of eating their tails, at which the Geraldine bites his glove and made the reply, "Yes, Master Allen, I may have been fed by my tail, but of this shall keep wary that my tail (meaning thereby that his council and the two Allens) shall never feed upon me!" On another occasion the Allen who was Archbishop curtly complained within ear distance of Lord Thomas, that it was intolerable for the council to be kept waiting for a *boy*. This did keenly offend the young Lord Deputy, and he took care to let the prelate know that he had taught his insolence. There be some boys, who be man boys with hearts brave and hands stout as any of those who have more years than them, and of such was the silken-vested Thomas, who did pride much in the rich trappings of his horses, and the dresses of his own person.

In the midst of all these trying jealousies the enemies of the Geraldine—(at the instigation of the Allens, as some will have it)—spread abroad the report that on his arrival in London the Earl of Kildare had been kept close in the Tower until he was beheaded. This evil news was brought too quickly to Lord Thomas, and forthwith he did fall into the trap laid for him to fall into. There were then within the city some lords and petty gentlemen of the Irishry who did dwell beyond the Pale, and kept no faith with any man who came out of England into Ireland to govern it, no matter how wise or good was that man. With these did Lord Thomas confederate and these told him to fling away the Sword of State which he had got from his father, the Earl, and go into rebellion and they would ride out with him. Lord Thomas was said by them and took the counsel that they gave him. He mustered together all the men he could gather and rode through the city in martial array, and crossing the Liffey made straight his way to St. Mary's Abbey where the Privy Council was at that time sitting, and there was with him a tumultuous rabble. Lord Thomas rushed into the council chamber, he addressed the council in a speech part of which is as follows: "This Sword of State is yours, not mine. I received it with an oath—I used it to your benefit—I should stain mine own honor if I turned the same to your annoyance. Now I have need of mine *own* sword which I dare trust. As to the common sword it flattereth me with a painted scabbard but it hath a pestilent edge bathed in the Geraldines' blood. Therefore save yourself from us as from open enemies. I am none of Henry's deputies—I am his foe. I have more mind to conquer than to govern—to meet him in field than to serve him in office."

The Archbishop did make a wily speech to prevent my Lord Thomas from his purpose, but so little heeded was it that the Irish bard who was by the Geraldine's side did sing out all through his harangue, and praised the recovery of the Geraldines and of the young lord whom he dubbed the Silken Thomas, because not he but his horsemen also had their accoutrements embroidered with sheeny silk. It was vain for the council to send orders to have the Geraldines arrested; he passed through the city and no one dared hinder him. Then the Irishry did rise in his favor, and the city supplies were cut off; it was placed in siege, and the Archbishop and Baron Finglas obliged to coop themselves up in the castle and stand to their defense. Lord Thomas worked late and early to secure his success. Forthwith did he send an ambassador to the Pope, another to the King of Spain and lost no time in invading the territory of the Butlers who sided with the king in overthrowing the Lord Ossory and his adherents; he then returned to Dublin and proffered security and protection to the city, provided he would be allowed to besiege the castle. This the citizens with the concurrence of the constable of the castle consented to do, but at the same time to show their loyalty and that their hearts were not with the Geraldine they amply provisioned the fortress. This Lord Thomas resented in short space of time, and encouraged the O'Toole's and O'Byrnes to ravage Fingal the source from which the city then drew its supplies.

When the castle was about being besieged, Allen, who was Archbishop, afraid of the success of his foe, got on board a small vessel at Dane's Gate, with the hope of escaping to England; but the ship was stranded at Clontarf, and the prelate, retiring to Artane, was in the middle of the night dragged out of bed and brought before Lord Thomas, before whom he fell on his knees and besought him for the love of God to show pity on a Christian and Archbishop. Then the Geraldine was moved to compassion, and did wish only to imprison his arch-enemy, Allen. He cried out in Irish to his people—*Her own a buddagh*—"Take away the churl," which phrase his followers did wilfully misconstrue, and with their sword ends did beat out the bishop's brains. Lord Thomas, taking advantage of the citizens' allowance to besiege the city, proceeded to plant his falcons (a species of cannon) against the castle, and it is likely he would have taken it had not one of the city aldermen returned from London with a positive order from the king to break faith with Fitzgerald, and to aid the garrison of the castle in driving him off from its walls. In reply to this treachery Lord Thomas Fitzgerald seized on the children of the citizens who were at school in a country place, and declared that he would place them in front of his men exposed to the fire of the castle artillery. But the citizens stood steadfast in their charge, and prepared not only to defend the king's castle, but their own hillworks against the foe. Fitzgerald then cut off the supply of water to the city, and besieged the castle on the side of Ship street; but from this he was driven by a wild fire invented by Master White, the castle caretaker, which burned all his machines and brought conflagration to the thatched and wooden houses that gave him shelter. He then assaulted the city by endeavoring to force the Newgate, which stood where Francis street now joins Thomas street. And having with his cannon pierced the gate he was sanguine of an immediate surrender, as he killed many of the citizens inside. But Richard Staunton, the gaoler of Newgate (for this ancient bulwark was not only a city gate but a prison), seeing through a loophole one of the gunners levelling his piece, not only fired and shot him into the head, but he had the hardihood to rush out by the postern, and actually strip the fallen foe of his arms and accoutrements. This inspirited the citizens so much that they instantly made a rally, and that with such success that they forced my Lord Thomas to raise the siege, leaving an hundred Gallowglasses slain, and their falchions in the hands of the citizens who were many.

Driven from the city still Lord Thomas was not put down, for very speedily he hastened to fortify all the Geraldine castles, and more especially his stronghold at Maynooth. He defeated at Clontarf a considerable force that had landed, just come out of England. His "pirate," as he was called, Capt. Rourke, active and successful in intercepting supplies, so trusted to his friends among the gentry and nobility of the Pale, and to the strength of his castles, forthwith hastened into Ulster and Connacht to strengthen his cause and make sure his success by the co-operation of O'Neil and O'Connor. While he was absent on this expedition the new Lord Deputy, Sir William Skeffington, having proclaimed Thomas Fitzgerald a traitor, not only in Dublin but at the high cross in Drogheda, proceeded to beslege the Castle of Maynooth. Having planted his battery on the park hill, at the north side of the fortress he summoned it to surrender; to which summons, as the chronicler has it, "a scoffing and ludicrous answer was returned after the Irish manner." Therefore the siege went on but with little success for what with the money and good appointment of the Irish who made up the garrison—and the ignorance that still prevailed as to the use of artillery—for though my lord deputy from being master of the ordnance was nicknamed the "Gunner," it would appear that he could make no great use in this instance of his guns.

The fortress therefore would hold out in all probability until its brave master returned to raise the siege, but there was treachery afoot as many a time before then, and since then there has been—the successful and brave betrayed, and deserted by those who should have stood by them in their time of trial and day of disaster. The English were helped through the perfidy of the governor of the castle, Christopher Parese, whose name has descended to posterity along with that of Luttrell and Moriarty.* He broke one of the strongest ties that can bind an Irishman, for was he not the foster brother of Lord Thomas—this "white-livered traitor resolved to purchase his own security with his lord's ruin," and therefore sent a letter to the lord deputy signifying that he would betray the castle, on conditions; and here "the devil betrayed the betrayer"—as may be ever do—for in making terms, as the old account has it, "for his purse's profit he did forget to include his person's safety." The lord deputy readily accepted his offer of seceding from the support of his lord and master, and accordingly, the garrison having gained some success in a sally, and being encouraged by Parese, the governor, in a deep joyous carouse, they became dead drunk, so that they could not notice "their beddes' feet from their beddes' head." When sunk in liquor and sleep the ward of the tower was neglected, the traitorous signal given, and the English scaled the walls. Capt. Haveland, of the English, being the first to enter, plunged into a pipe of feathers, and stuck there as a bird of prey that was caught in a pigeon-house. Sir William Brereton got in after him, and shouted out "St. George! St. George!" whereat one of the guards, awakening, observed Capt. Haveland floundering in the feather barrel, and fired at him, but the flying about of the feathers marred his aim, and it was he himself fell by the hands of the assailants. Sir William Brereton soon advanced his standard to the top of the turret; the stronghold was won—the garrison put to the sword—all except two singing men, who, prostrating themselves before the deputy, warbled a sweet sonnet in English, called *dulcis amica*, and their soft melody saved them their worthless lives.

The spoil and plunder of the castle were immense, for being well appointed with all warlike ammunition it was "accounted the best furnished house of any subject that is in the king's dominions." Parese expecting some great reward, with impudent familiarity presented himself before the deputy who addressed him as follows: "Martin Parese, thou, too, certainly saved our lord, the king, much charge, and many of his subjects lives, but that I may the better know how to advise his highness how to reward thee, I would ascertain what the Lord Thomas FitzGeraldine hath done, by thee"? Parese "ruffled up" at this discourse, recounted even to the most minute circumstances all the favors even from his youth up that the Geraldine had conferred on him. To which the deputy replied, "And how Parese couldst thou find in thy heart to betray the castle of so kind a lord? Here, Mr. Treasurer, pay down the money that he has covenanted for and here, also Mr. Executioner, without delay, as soon as the money is counted out to him, chop off his head!" "Oh (quoth Parese), had I known this your lordship should not have the castle so easily." Whereupon one Mr. Boice, a secret friend of the Fitzgerald, a bystander, cried out, "Auntraugh," *i. e.* "too late," which occasioned a proverbial saying, long after used in Ireland, "Too late quoth Boice." In the meantime Fitzgerald had got together by the assistance of O'Connor a considerable army; but his troops finding his stronghold taken by treachery shortly after lost heart. With considerable activity, great personal bravery, and no small mental resources he showed himself a dangerous guerilla enemy, and held possession of one of the strongest counties for such a warfare in Ireland, yet eventually he was induced to surrender to the new lord deputy, Lord Grey, and rode with amicable guise side by side with him into Dublin. Some writers assert before Lord Thomas surrendered that Lord Grey promised him the king's full pardon. He was forwarded along with his uncles into England, through which he traveled as if under no accusation. But on approaching Windsor with their suite they were seized as prisoners, and on Feb. 3, 1538, were all hanged as traitors at Tyburn. It is right to menfion that Lord Thomas became Earl of Kildare before his execution—for his father, hearing of his misfortunes, died in the Tower, prior to his son's surrender, of a broken heart.

*NOTE—Irish tradition records the name of the former as having betrayed the pass at the Siege of Limerick—of the latter of having betrayed the great Earl of Desmond to the English.

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, S. J., will lecture at Central Music Hall next Monday night, on "The Ideal Jesuit, or Fact vs Fiction."

The Rev. Father Tighe, pastor of the Holy Angel's church, on Oakwood boulevard, has returned from Dallas, Texas.

There was high mass in the Cathedral, State and Superior streets, last Friday morning at 7:50 o'clock, the feast of the purification. The blessing of the candles took place just before the mass.

The meeting of the Union Catholic Library Reading Club will take place at the association rooms this (Saturday) afternoon. Mr. James Felix O'Cannor will read an interesting paper.

Candlemas Day, the feast of the purification, occured Friday, and was observed in all the churches with special devotions, and also by the blessing of candles for use during the year and for distribution among the people.

The annual celebration of Washington's birthday by the Union Catholic Library Association will be held at Kimball hall Feb. 22. Hon. T. A. Moran will deliver the address, and an enjoyable programme of patriotic music will be given.

Today (Saturday) is St. Blaise's Day, and is specially observed by the ceremony of blessing the throats. It is piously believed that those receiving the blessing of the church through this devout custom will be exempt from all throat affection during the year. The ceremony will be observed in all the churches at convenient times during the day.

An Unseen Enemy

Is more to be dreaded than an open and visible one. That subtle and lurking foe, which under the generid name of malaria manifests itself, when it clutches us in its tenacious grasp, in the various forms of chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague or ague cake, can only be effectually guarded against by fortifying the system against its insidious attacks with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a thorough antidote to the poison of miasma in the system, and a safeguard against it thoroughly to be relied upon. In the event of a malarious attack, avoid poisoning your system with quinine, and use instead this wholesome remedy, unobjectionable in taste and far more efficacious than any drug. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, kidney complaints and rheumatism.

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TUBBER DERG.

The Misfortunes and Triumphs of Owen McCarthy, an Irish Tenant Farmer.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

Author of "Willy Reilly," "Valentine McClutchy," "The Black Baronet," "The Evil Eye," Etc., Etc.

[CONTINUED.]

It is not our intention to trace Owen McCarthy and his wife through all the variety which a wandering pauper's life affords. He never could reconcile himself to the habits of a mendicant. His honest pride and integrity of heart raised him above it: neither did he sink into the whine and cant of imposture, nor the slang of knavery. No; there was a touch of manly sorrow about him, which neither time, nor familiarity with his degraded mode of life, could take away from him. His usual observation to his wife, and he never made it without a pang of intense bitterness, was—"Kathleen, darlin', it's thrue we have enough to ate an' to dhrink; but we have no home—no home!" To a man like him it was a thought of surpassing bitterness, indeed.

"Ah! Kathleen," he would observe, "if we had but the poorest shed that could be built, provided it was our own, wouldn't we be happy? The bread we ate, avourneen, doesn't do us good. We don't work for it: it is the bread of shame and idleness; and yet its Owen McCarthy that ates it! But, avourneen, that's past; an' we'll never see our own home, or our own hearth again. That's what's cuttin' into my heart, Kathleen. Never! —never!"

Many a trial, too, of another kind, was his patience called upon to sustain; particularly from the wealthy and the more elevated in life, when his inexperience as a mendicant led him to solicit their assistance.

"Begone, sirrah, off my grounds!" one would say. "Why don't you work, you sturdy fellow?" another would exclaim, "rather than stroll about so lazily, training your brats to the gallows?" "You should be taken up, fellow, as a vagrant," a third would observe; "and if I ever catch you coming up my avenue again, depend upon it, I will slip my dogs at you and your lilly spawn."

Owen, on these occasions, turned away in silence; he did not curse them; but then passed on, with a sorrow sent before Him who will, sooner or later, visit upon the heads of such men their cruel spurning and neglect of the poor.

"Kathleen," he observed to his wife, one day, about a year or more after they had begun to beg; "Kathleen, I have been turnin' it in my mind, that some of these children might sthrive to earn their bit an' sup, an' their little corecin' of clo'es, poor things. We might put them to herd cows in the summer, and the girshas to somethin' else in the farmers' houses. What do you think, asthore?"

"For God's sake do, Owen; sure my heart's crushed to see them—my own childhre, that I could lay down my life for—beggin' from door to door. Och, do something to keep them safe, Owen, an' you'll relieve the heart that loves them. It's a sore sight to a mother's eye, Owen, to see her childhre beggin' their livelihood."

"It is, darlin'—it is; we'll hire out the three eldest—Brian, an' Owen, an' Pether, to herd cows; an' we may get Peggy into some farmer's house to do loose jobs an' run of messages. Then we'd have only little Kathleen an' poor Ned along wid us. I'll they way way, an' if I can get them places, who knows what may happen? I have a plan in my head that I'll tell you, thin."

"Arrah, what is it, Owen, jewel? Sure if I know it, maybe when I'm sorrowful, that thinkin' of it, an' lookin forrid to it will make me happier. Arrah, I'm sure, acushla, it would like that."

"But, maybe, Kathleen, if it wouldn't some to pass, that the disappointment 'od be heavy on you?"

"How could it, Owen? Sure we can't be worse nor we are, whatever happens?"

"Thrue enough, indeed, I forgot that: an' yet we might, Kathleen. Sure we'd be worse, if we or the childhre had bad health."

"God forgive me thin, for what I said! We might be worse. Well, but what is the plan, Owen?"

"Why, when we get the childhre places, I'll thrive to take a little house, an' work as a cottar. Then, Kathleen, *we'd have a houle of our own.*' I'd work from light to light; I'd work before hours an' before hours; six nine days in the week, or we'd be comfortable in our own little home. We might be poor, Kathleen, I know that, an' hard pressed too; but then, as I said, we'd have our own home, an' our own hearth; our morsel. If it 'ud be homely, would be sweet, for it would be the fruits of our own labor."

"Now, Owen, do you think you could manage to get that?"

"Wait, acushla, till we get the childhre settled. Then I'll thry the other plan, for its good to thry anything that could take us out of this disgraceful life."

This humble speculation was a source of great comfort to them. Many a time have they forgotten their sorrows in contemplating the simple picture of their happy little cottage. Kathleen, in particular, drew with all the vivid coloring of a tender mother, and an affectionate wife, the various sources of comfort and contentment to be found even in a cabin, whose inmates are blessed with a love of independence, industry and mutual affection.

Owen, in pursuance of his intention, did not neglect, when the proper season arrived, to place out his eldest children among the farmers. The reader need not be told that there was that about him which gained respect. He had, therefore, little trouble in obtaining his wishes on this point, and to his great satisfaction, he saw three of them hired out to earn their own support.

It was now a matter of some difficulty for him to take a cabin and get employment. They had not a single article of furniture, and neither bed nor bedding to lie upon, with the exception of blankets almost worn past use. He was resolved, however, to give up, at all risks, the life of a mendicant. For this purpose, he and his wife agreed to adopt a plan quite usual in Ireland, under circumstances somewhat different from his; this was, that Kathleen should confine herself to beg for their support, until the first half-year of the children's service should expire; and in the meantime, that he, if possible, should secure employment for himself. By this means, his earnings, and that of his children, might remain untouched, so that in half a year, he calculated upon being able to furnish the cabin, and proceed, as a cottier, to work for, and support his young children and his wife, who determined on her part, not to be a burden to her husband. As the plan was a likely one, and as Owen was bent on earning his bread, rather than be a burthen to others, it is unnecessary to say that it succeeded. In less than a year he found himself once more in a home, and the forces of what he felt on sitting for the first time since his misfortunes, at his own hearth, may easily be conceived by the reader. For some years after this, Owen got on slowly enough: the wages on a daily laborer being so miserable, that it required him to exert every nerve to keep the house over their head. What, however, will not carefulness and a virtuous determination, joined to indefatigable industry, do?

After some time, backed as he was by his wife, and even by his youngest children, he found himself beginning to improve. In the mornings and evenings he cultivated the garden and the spot of potato ground. He also collected with a wheelbarrow, which he borrowed from an acquaintance, compost from the neighboring ravine, and spread it over it before his door; dug rich earth, and tossed it into the pool of rotten water beside the house, and in fact, adopted several other modes of collecting manure. By this means, he had, each spring, a large portion of rich stuff on which to plant his potatoes. His landlord permitted him to spread this for planting upon his land; and Owen, ere long, instead of a road, was able to plant half an acre, and ultimately, an acre of potatoes. The produce of this was more than sufficient for consumption of his family, he sold the surplus, and with the money gained by the sale was enabled to sow half an acre of wheat, of which, when made into meal, he disposed of the greater share.

Industry is capital; for even when unaided by capital it creates it; whereas, idleness kills capital, and creates only misery and ruin. Owen, after selling his meal and as much potatoes as he could spare, found himself able to purchase a few pigs. Here was the means of making more manure; he had his cow, and he had also straw enough for her provender during the wet winter. Every day adding milk to his family, enabled them to live more cheaply; her butter they sold, and this, in addition to his surplus meal and potatoes every week, soon made him feel that he had a few guineas to spare. He now bethought him of another mode of helping himself forward in the world. After buying the neat 'slip' of a pig he could find, a sty was built for her, and ere long he saw a fine litter of young pigs within a snug shed. These he reared too; but then, as I said, we'd have our own home, an' our own hearth; our morsel. If it 'ud be homely, would be sweet, for it would be the fruits of our own labor."

"Now, Owen, do you think you could manage to get that?"

"Wait, acushla, till we get the childhre settled. Then I'll thry the other plan, by his advice, multiplying *their* little capital as fast as himself. The two boys, who had now shot up into the stature of young men, were at work as laboring servants in the neighborhood. The daughters were also engaged as servants with the adjoining farmers. The boys bought each a pair of two-year old heifers, and the daughter one. These they sent to grass up in the mountains at a trifling charge, for the first year or two; when they became springers, they put them to rich infield grass for a few months, until they got a marketable appearance, after which their profits brought them to the neighboring fairs, where they usually sold to great advantage, in consequence of the small capital required in rearing them.

In fact, the principle of industry ran through the family. There was none of them idle: none of them a burthen: all check upon the profits made by the laborer. On the contrary, "they laid their shoulders together," as the phrase is, and proved to the world, that when the proper disposition is followed up by suitable energy and perseverance, it must generally reward him who possesses it.

It is certainly true that Owen's situation in life soon was essentially different from that which it had been during the latter years of his struggles or distress. It was much more healthful and far better calculated to develop successful exertion. If there be a class of men deserving public sympathy, it is that of the small farmers of Ireland. Their numbers stand as a reproach with all that is calculated to depress and ruin them; rents far above their ability, insecurity of property, and bad markets. The land, which during the last war might have combined the renter to pay three pounds per acre, and yet still maintain himself with tolerable comfort, could not now command one pound, or, at the most, one pound ten; and yet, and in the intolerable folly of landlords, that, in most instances, the terms of leases taken out then are rigidly exacted. Neither can the fluctuation of yearly arrears be said to strike at the root of the evils under which they suffer. The fact of the disproportionate rent hanging over them in a fluctuating circumstance, that paralyzes their exertion, and sinks their spirits. If a landlord meets the case, he only does it in deals more harshly with the tenant at the next; whatever improvement the former indulgence leaves in the tenant's hands, instead of being expended upon him by exposing it to competition, is permitted to lay the foundation of hope and prosperity, drawn from the sweat of his brow, and the poor struggling tenant is thrown back into as much distress, and harrassment, and despondency as ever. There are, I believe, few tenants in Ireland of the class I allude to, who are free from one gale to three in arrears. Now, how can it be expected that the Irish tenant will labor with spirit and earnestness to raise crops which they may never reap? Crops which the landlords seize upon to secure as much of his rent as he can.

I have known a case in which the arrears were not only remitted, but the rent lowered to a reasonable standard by such as, considering the markets, could be paid. And what was the consequence? The tenant who was looked upon as a negligent man, from whom scarcely any rent could be got, took courage, renewed his farm with spirit and success which he had not exercised before; and, in short, was in a capacity to pay his gale for the very day; so that the forgiveness of humane landlord was finally a gainer by his own excellent economy. This was an experiment, and it succeeded beyond expectation.

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Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It relieves the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Five hundred and eighty-four persons emigrated from Ireland during December last, as against 892 in November preceding month of 1893. The total number of Irish emigrants in 1893 was 52,155, as compared with 59,563 in the previous year. Of last year's emigrants 49,189 went to the United States, 1,870 to Canada, 1,930 to Australia, 94 to South Africa and 625 to other places.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond the glimpse of the beautiful scenery along the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which they catch in a ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the fast mail train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, and there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe a train service a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Vestibuled, Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago at 6:00 p.m. and a breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. It is no wonder that business men and tourists prefer this the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis. Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

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TEACHING CANARIES.

Sole Occupation of Seven Hundred Families In a Small Town of Saxony.

In a small town called St. Andreasberg (Saxony) some 700 families are entirely engaged in the task of rearing and educating pet canary singers. A great proportion of these singers is sent abroad, far or near—to London, to Australia and to the United States, where one single firm ships 100,000 birds each year. These canaries are the inferior birds, the ausschr, as they are called in Germany, on account of their notes. These schreir, which are bought from 70 to 90 cents in the Harz, are sold for $3, $8 or $4 in America. The best birds are kept in Germany, where they are called hohlroller. A good hohlroller cannot be had under $8 or $10—in the Harz—and $20 and $25 are no unusual prices. But such birds are certainly splendid singers. The Germans have quite a number of words, each of which applies to a different sort of tune, or intonation; the hoilrolle is in minor key; klingerolle applies to silver tone; roller to a warbling which reminds of the murmur of water, glouhrolle is similar to the nightingale's notes, and so on. Every sort of tune, trill and flute better calculated to develop successful exertion. If there be a class of men deserving public sympathy, it is that of the small farmers of Ireland. Their numbers stand as a reproach with all that is calculated to depress and ruin them; rents far above their ability, insecurity of property, and bad markets. The land, which during the last war might have combined the renter to pay three pounds per acre, and yet still maintain himself with tolerable comfort, could not now command one pound, or, at the most, one pound ten; and yet, and in the intolerable folly of landlords, that, in most instances, the terms of leases taken out then are rigidly exacted. Neither can the fluctuation of yearly arrears be said to strike at the root of the evils under which they suffer. The fact of the disproportionate rent hanging over them in a fluctuating circumstance, that paralyzes their exertion, and sinks their spirits. If a landlord meets the case, he only does it in deals more harshly with the tenant at the next; whatever improvement the former indulgence leaves in the tenant's hands, instead of being expended upon him by exposing it to competition, is permitted to lay the foundation of hope and prosperity, drawn from the sweat of his brow, and the poor struggling tenant is thrown back into as much distress, and harrassment, and despondency as ever. There are, I believe, few tenants in Ireland of the class I allude to, who are free from one gale to three in arrears. Now, how can it be expected that the Irish tenant will labor with spirit and earnestness to raise crops which they may never reap? Crops which the landlords seize upon to secure as much of his rent as he can.

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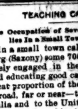
No. 1893 Men's Size. The World's Fair Watch. Solid Gold Decorated Watch. 14k. Gold Filled Case. Price $25.00.



No. 1893 is a genuine Waltham watch in one of the handsomest cases ever made. The works are nickel and contain compensation balance, safety pinion, stem wind and set and all the great-est improvements. The case is one of the thinnest filled gold watch cases ever made. Remember, we mean that the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 25 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. The works are especially recommended where the most accurate time is required. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county commissioners, railroaders and all others who wish a really first-class article. The full-size figure of Columbus on the back is made of raised solid gold. In his hand he holds a flag. On the front is a raised gold representation of the western hemisphere which is accurate in every detail. Around the "world" is a solid gold wreath. We shall withdraw this offer very soon because there are very few of these watches left. The supply will probably be exhausted by Dec. 1. Returnable in three days if not as guaranteed. Price, including safe delivery, only $25, in hunting case, and $23 in open face. Address

"THE CITIZEN," 69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

USE OF A FLYING MACHINE.

What May Be Gained by the Perfection of the Invention.

What important purpose can flight in air serve? Maxim, Langley and all who have studied the subject thoroughly agree that the speed of aeriation will greatly exceed that of any terrestrial locomotion.

From this follows an entire economic change in the direction of rendering immense tracts of comparatively worthless territory at distances of 20 to 40 miles from cities much more available.

There would also result the relegating of city property in large measure to business and storage purposes.

This would to a large extent accomplish what Henry George might do, were he would do it by means which do not involve any wrong to the land owner by the wage earner.

With flying navies capable of carrying unseen at night large quantities of explosives in the center of a city war would become so destructive that it would be soon supplanted by arbitration as a matter of common sense and self-preservation.

Arbitration once established, an international court of arbitration, with permanent sessions, would be established to settle all disputes as we do individuals, and enforcing the decrees of boards of arbitration. The world would become literally free from the power of rapid and if necessary destructive patrolling.

Immense areas of country, now well nigh impenetrable, would be opened to usefulness. Large sources of wealth would thus be added to the wealth of the world and would result in the amelioration of the condition of the savages of such regions as central Africa.

We should have to give up selfish legislation and restriction upon the commerce of other nations, and be under compulsion to "stand on a broader heritage than that of a nation or of none."—Samuel Cabot in Boston Traveller.

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Arthur Quiller-Couch in a story called "The Pauper" contains the description of a poor old couple who give the last little remittance they have to their children before going into the workhouse. It seems to be the usual thing for Cornish folks, whose hospitality even when they are most disadvantageous circumstances is proverbial. They like to make a splash before going under. "Mother-o'-Sidney did it better'n anybody I've heard tell of," say these gossips. "When she fell into trouble, circumstances being what they be, she eight day clock, that was the only thing o' value she had left. Brown o' Tregarrick made it, with a very curi-ous brass dial, wherein he carved a full rigged ship that rocked like a cradle when the pendulum swung, once every hour struck. 'Twas worth walking a mile to see. Brown's grandson bought it off Miss Scantlebury's hands. It might be being proud of his grandfather's skill, an the old lady drove into Tregarrick market behind a pair of grey wi' the proceeds. Over and above the carriage hire she'd enough left to adorn her bonnet wi' white feathers to go to order a crown, large as they be now, for, an at the workus door she said to the porter: 'All my life I've longed to ride in a bridal chariot, an though my only lover died of a decline when I was scarce 16 I've had it at last,' said she, 'an now heaven an airth can't undo it!'"

The Youth's Journey.

The earth does not travel at the same rate all through its journey. Its orbit being elliptical, it must at some time approach nearer to the sun than at others and will take less time in moving through one part of its path than through another. Now, on the 1st of January, 1894, the earth is nearer the sun than in summer and moves through space more rapidly. On the 1st of July it is nearest the sun, 3,000 miles nearer the sun than it is on July 1, and as the velocity of a planet increases when it nearness to the sun the earth passes over one-half of its orbit in less time than over the other half. Between the vernal equinox, which happens on March 21 and the autumnal equinox, which falls on Sept. 23, the earth is 186 days in accomplishing that half of her journey round the sun, while the other half occupies only 179 days. It has been said that owing to the friction caused by the tides and other reasons, the earth is moving more slowly than it used to do, and that the days are consequently lengthening, but as this is only to the extent of half a second in a century it will be a long time before there will be any apparent difference.—Brooklyn Eagle.

National Handwriting.

If individual handwriting influences individual handwriting, national character should influence national handwriting. Authorities agree that what is the case in the art of the Italian, the pride of the Spaniard, the vivacity of the Frenchman are all displayed in the penmanship.

It may be so, but as a rule it would take an expert of more than usual skill to define the difference between the writing of the shrewd Scotchman, the staid Englishman and the lively Irishman. German handwriting, however, is truly indicative of the national character; it requires nearly much patience to read it as to write it.

On the other hand, one seeks in vain to discover the influence of the Greek letter and points of Hebrew or to decipher the character of Mr. Pitman from the phonetic alphabet.—Chambers' Journal.

Treatment of Cholera.

Dr. Norman Kerr, the London physician, was asked, "What treatment would you think it wise one in case of cholerale seizure?" He answered: "If I had cholera, or after a first symptom, I would go for the diarrhœa, I would rather have no physic. I would take lots of hot and cold water—cold lithium, in the world and would result in the amelioration of the condition of the savages of such regions as central Africa.

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Old Time Railroading.

It is sometimes a matter of surprise to find what primitive locomotive running has been done in times past when the locomotive was a far inferior machine. Mr. Joseph Wood, M. Pishier, an old and retired engineer of the New York and New Haven, recalled the fact that he had carried President Taylor's message from New York to New Haven—about 80 miles—in one hour, the train, engine and tender burned wood. The switches were locked. The messenger sat on a box in the engine's tender.—New York Advertiser.

A Modest Request.

Joe—You know that $10 I lent Brown, three or four months ago.

Jim—Yes.

Joe—He hasn't paid it back and can't, and he thinks you ought to "go" it another in the loss with me.

Ham—What have I got to do with it?

Joe—He was in a way to get it from a man he struck me, and I saved you $10. Under the circumstances, don't you think he ought to save me $5?—Detroit Free Press.

Journalism In Servia.

Journalism in Servia is a peculiar institution. The Schumadia List, which has the reputation of being the leading newspaper of the kingdom, came out one day with the following announcement on its first page: "Owing to the intolerable laziness of our editor in chief, Mr. Zrak, who spends his nights in feasting and sleeps the whole day through, our number this week is only half its usual size."—Philadelphia Record.

An exhibitor of wild beasts in Paris has been fined for securing his money which is respectfully submitted to bankers and bondholders generally. The exhibitor deposits the daily receipts of his exhibition in the cage of the most ferocious of his animals, and he has never lost a penny.

It has been estimated that a gold coin must be handled 3,000,000,000 times before the impression upon it becomes obliterated by friction, and a silver coin 2,250,000,000 times.

Since his installation as grand master of the Freemasons, now nearly 19 years ago, the Prince of Wales has granted 1,097 warrants for new lodges.

RUMORS OF RIOTING

Keep Keystone State Sheriffs Moving Lively.

A DAY OF ALARMS AT THE MINES.

Turbulence Kept Down by the Show of Force and No Damage Done by the Enraged Huns—An Exchange of Shots with the Mob—The Red Flag Appears and Disappears—Beadlings Have Artillery Ready.

MANSFIELD, Pa., Jan. 30.—From dawn to dusk the mining regions were in a state of excitement with reports of what the rioters were doing and going to do, and Sheriff Richards was kept busy disposing of deputies to protect the threatened plants. Early in the morning the miners were said to be marching on the Armstrong works, then they were assembling for an attack on the works of Foster & Steen. In the afternoon a mob was reported to be gathering about the Ridgewood mines, and late last evening an assault was feared at the Rend and Cherry mines, near McDonald. While there were good grounds for the rumors in every instance, the prompt appearance of the officers of the law had the desired effect.

Operators Expect More Trouble.

Sheriff Richards believes that the worst is over, but while he does not fear further trouble he will keep his deputies in the district for several days. The operators and railroad men, however, who have had long acquaintance with the miners do not share this confidence. An agent of several of the operators in this section who has been circulating among the miners during the past forty-eight hours in the role of a digger from the Monongahela district reports that even if there is not an extended outbreak there will be sporadic rioting that will probably spread over all the districts where the distress is greatest so long as the condition of the miners remains as at present.

Exchanged Shots With Rioters.

Among the instances of turbulence reported is that from the Cherry mines at Hay's Station. Here before daylight notices were posted to the 125 miners who were working at the 65 cent rate that they would have to vacate at once or the tipple would be burned. Frightened over the notice, the men prepared to obey. As they left the mine Thomas McMahon, a stable boss for the mining company, heard two shots and at the same time bullets whizzed by his head. He replied with two shots from his revolver, although it being yet before daybreak he could fire only in the direction of the flash which preceded the previous reports. The men quit work.

Appeared With the Red Flag.

Fearing trouble Frank Armstrong, owner of a mine near Bridgeville, ordered his men to quit work at noon and the mules were driven into the fields. He has decided to make no attempt to start the mine for several days. Considerable excitement was occasioned at Bower Hill during the day by the announcement that the anarchists would raise a red flag and declare for blood. About fifteen foreigners did appear with their flag, but when they saw the deputy sheriffs on guard they turned at once and fled.

The Beadlings Prepared for War.

Twenty-two Slavs in the Tom's Run district who are alleged to be connected with the rioting at Steen's mines were arrested and are now in jail, charged with rioting. The mine itself has resumed and quiet prevails in that district. An attempt will be made today to start a number of works. If no opposition is met with the trouble for the present may be considered over. The Beadlings are well prepared for any attack that may be made. A gatling gun has been placed at the door of the company's store and a large cannon faces the railroad. Beside this they have Winchester rifles for all the men and a large stock of ammunition.

BENHAM MAKES A DEMONSTRATION.

The Admiral Escorts an American Vessel to the Wharf at Rio.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Jan. 30.—The United States fleet has taken a hand in the squabble as to whether merchant ships shall be subjected to the danger resulting from the carelessness of the rebel gunners, or allowed to go to the docks in safety, and Admiral Benham supplied a deal of excitement thereby. In the events of the day the foreign colony was particularly interested and the action of Admiral Benham will probably furnish a precedent by which the commanders of the other foreign vessels in this port will be guided in the future.

The cause of all the trouble was the treatment to which three American barks were subjected on last Saturday by the indiscriminate fusillade from the insurgent war ships. The barks were the Amy, the Good News and the Julia Rollins, and all Saturday last the shot of the insurgents whistled through their rigging, giving the crews many narrow escapes. The captains appealed to Admiral Benham. He listened to the appeal and then applied to Admiral da Gama to have the nuisance stopped. Da Gama refused to give any satisfaction and was very curt in his reply.

Benham then had his fleet cleared for action and notified the captains of the barks that he would escort them to the dock, and the Amy got ready, while the other two vessels concluded not to anger Da Gama by defying him. Accordingly the whole fleet escorted the Amy to the wharf, the spectacle being watched by thousands on shore and all aboard ship in the harbor. Not a shot was fired, and hereafter American ships will be protected.

Sunday the American admiral attended the palace in order to pay an official visit. He had previously notified President Peixoto, but was kept waiting for two hours and then an orderly informed him that the president was busy and unable to receive him. The Americans say that this is an insult to the American navy.

The Hart Murder Trial.

ROCKFORD, Ills., Jan. 30.—In the Hart murder trial the defendant, John Hart, was called in his own behalf and for an hour recited the history of his past life, recollecting all dates and events with marked distinctness. His story was coolly told while he rolled his eyes in an insane manner and general public opinion is to the effect that his story alone is enough to convict him.

Charged with a Terrible Crime.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 30.—A special from Benton, Mo., says: Charles Owens, living near Dishlstadt, is charged with murdering his wife and child and setting fire to his house. Owens is under arrest and is being closely guarded for fear of lynching.

PROCEEDINGS IN CONGRESS.

What the Solons Are Doing for the Good of the Country.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—In the house Terry's amendment to the amendment placing agricultural implements of all kinds on the free list was lost—24 to 138. Cockran made the point of no quorum. Tellers disclosed the presence of a quorum and the amendment was lost—83 to 105. Hare's amendment to the substitute, imposing 35 per cent. ad valorem on agricultural implements, except as against countries admitting similar articles free, in which case they shall go on the free list, was lost.

In the senate the Hawaiian resolutions were laid aside without action and Allen addressed the senate in advocacy of the resolution offered by him last Thursday declaring the proposed issue of 5 per cent. bonds illegal, and that the bonds, when issued would be null and void.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—In the senate Chandler moved to postpone the election bill until December next. Rejected—20 yeas, 28 nays. Dolph has offered an amendment to the Hawaiian resolution, declaring that Minister Willis should be recalled. The time of the house was occupied in considering amendments to the tariff bill and some exciting debates took place.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—The debate on the internal revenue bill, including the provision for the income tax, began in the house. Under the call of committees for reports after the reading of the journal McCreary, chairman of the foreign affairs committee, reported his resolution expressing the sense of the house on the Hawaiian situation. The minority were given leave to submit their views. Upon the completion of call the house went into committee of the whole for the purpose of further consideration of the tariff bill. McMillin of Tennessee, chairman of the sub-committee on ways and means on internal revenue, was immediately recognized, and according to the caucus programme he offered as an amendment to the provision imposing a tax of $1 per 1,000 upon cirgaretts the entire internal revenue bill.

When the reading was completed McMillin was recognized to open the debate in favor of the amendment. As he was about to begin Tracey asked to reserve all points of order against McMillin, and McCreary contended that it was too late to make a point of order on debate upon the amendment, it having been entered upon before the point was made. The chair overruled the point of order, and McMillin began his argument.

In the senate Vest of Missouri entered a protest against the habit of Republican members of reading petitions against the passage of the Wilson bill. Stewart introduced a resolution declaring that in the judgment of the senate Secretary Carlisle is not clothed with the legal authority to issue bonds.

ROSINA VOKES DEAD.

She Made Her Debut on the Stage When Only Six Months Old.

LONDON, Jan. 30.—Miss Rosina Vokes, of the famous Vokes family, is dead. Miss Rosina Vokes who was the most talented of the famous Vokes family, which has been prominent before the public for many years, was born in London in 1854.

ROSINA VOKES.

She made her debut at the age of 6 months as the baby in "Mr. and Mrs. Peter White." She retired from the stage when she married Mr. Cecil Clay in 1877, but returned to it some years later. One of Miss Rosina's brothers, Fred Vokes, married Bella Moore, daughter of "Pony" Moore, the minstrel manager, and father-in-law of Charley Mitchell, the defeated pugilist. Miss Vokes, who had been suffering from overwork in the United States closed her tour and sailed for England Dec. 13 last.

PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATIONS.

A Number of Names Sent to the Senate by Mr. Cleveland.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—The president has sent the following nominations to the senate: Thomas Moonlight of Kansas, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Bolivia. To be United States consuls—Edgar Battle of Texas, at Acapulco, Mexico; Louis Brilhl of Texas, at Catania, Italy; Frank W. Roberts of Maine, at Nogales, Mexico. To be United States marshals—William M. Desmond, northern district of Iowa; Charles R. Pratt, western district of Michigan. Commodore John Grimes, to be a rear admiral. Postmasters: Illinois—Patrick Stewart, LaSalle; David O'Leary, Evanston. Iowa—A. J. Salts, Corning; Moses M. Ham, Dubuque; Thomas Bowman, Council Bluffs. Michigan—John Drawe, Marine City; William A. Bahlke, Alma; Alfred V. Friedlich, Traverse City; Stiles Kennedy, St. Louis.

Midwinter Fair Open.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 26.—The California International Midwinter exposition is open, and in opening it San Francisco celebrated the greatest holiday in her existence. Her streets were gayly decorated. Flags and banners were flying from thousands of staffs. The ships in the harbor were adorned with the standards of many nations. Public and private business was at a standstill, and every road led to Golden Gate park. The fair grounds were crowded with visitors. Many crossed the continent to be here and thousands arrived from all parts of California and the Pacific coast at large. A great procession made its way through the crowded streets to the park.

Illness of the Czar.

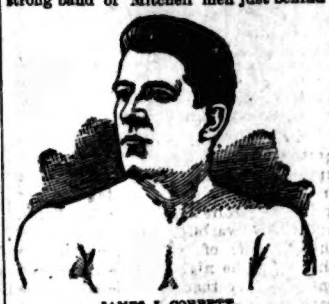
ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 29.—The czar is suffering from a severe attack of influenza, bronchitis and inflammation of the lungs. The lower part of the czar's right lung is inflamed.

CORBETT THE WINNER.

HE WHIPS CHARLIE MITCHELL IN THREE ROUNDS.

Governor Mitchell Did His Utmost to Prevent the Fight, but Finding He Was Powerless, He Washed His Hands of the Whole Matter.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Jan. 25.—James Corbett and Charlie Mitchell entered the prize ring amid a tremendous outburst of cheering. The partisans of Corbett were largely in the majority and made good use of their lungs, but there was a strong band of Mitchell men just behind



JAMES J. CORBETT.

"Pony" Moore near the ring, and they saluted the English champion with fierce cries of enthusiasm. Billy Plimmer, the little English featherweight, who is a strong Mitchell man, had words with a hot-headed Corbett adherent and the two were near to afford a preliminary rough-and-tumble bout at the ringside. Porter Ashe, the rich young Californian, offered to bet $2,000 to $1,000 against Mitchell and there were no takers, although it looked for a time as if Moore intended to accept the offer.

The Fight Begins.

At 2:50 o'clock the men were called to the center of the ring and instructed by the referee as they faced each other. Mitchell looked diminutive beside the champion as they donned the gloves. Scarcely had this been done when Ed Smith of Denver challenged the winner to fight for $10,000 a side. Corbett led with his left on Mitchell's chin; they clinched, exchanged body blows and Jim reached Charley's left eye heavily. Mitchell reached the ribs. Another exchange and Mitchell clinched. Mitchell landed on Corbett's neck and Jim landed right and right again just as time was called. Mitchell got in some good body blows. Honors easy in the first round.

Second round—A wild exchange and a clinch. Corbett upper-cut his man as they came together. Mitchell lands hard on the ribs and as Mitchell came in Jim caught him and floored his man clearly and knocked him down again as he essayed to arise. The gong saved Mitchell.

Third and Last Round.

Mitchell was rather groggy. Corbett rushed at him, swung right and left heavily on Mitchell's neck. Charley went down. He took the full time to arise, and then Corbett rushed at him like a tiger. Corbett knocked him down twice in succession. Mitchell got in two on Corbett's neck. The referee counted 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Mitchell was knocked out. The referee declared Corbett winner of the match and champion of the world. Mitchell's face was covered with blood. He was carried to his corner in a helpless condition. The time of the fight was nine minutes. It was all Corbett's battle, though Mitchell made a show in the first round. The men did not shake hands at the beginning of the fight. The referee called upon the men to do so but neither responded.

The Purse and Expenses.

The battle was for a purse of $20,000 offered by the Duval Athletic club of Jacksonville. The club also agreed to pay the two pugilists $2,500 each for training expenses and erected an arena in East Jacksonville to "pull off" the fight, the cost of which, including the site, privileges, etc., was nearly $4,000. Traveling and office expenses, together with attorneys' fees and numerous other items of various kinds, have brought the total cost of the affair up to fully $40,000.

After the issue of the writ of injunction Governor Mitchell telegraphed to Attorney General Lamar and said that he had done his utmost to prevent the fight taking place, and finding that he was powerless to do so, would wash his hands of the whole affair and would leave everything in the hands of the attorney general, closing by ordering the writhdrawal of the troops.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Jan. 27.—Corbett and Mitchell appeared before the criminal court of record to answer the charges made against them. The case for the state was argued by County Attorney Christie and Attorney General Lamar, while the counsel for the defense were Attorneys A. W. Cockrell and John E. Hartridge. The argument was brief on both sides, and at its conclusion the defendants were placed under bond to appear before the criminal court on the second day of the next term, which will fall upon Wednesday, Feb. 28.

TRIED TO ROB HIMSELF.

A Tax Collector, Disguised as a Negro, Killed While Stealing.

MORGANTON, Ga., Jan. 30.—A sensational story has been received from Union county. Tax Collector Jones, who lives in the wilds of Cooper's creek, returned from a tour of the county collecting taxes. In the evening a peddler well known in that locality stopped at the house, asking for lodging and was taken in. After supper Jones went out to look after his cattle. While he was gone a disreputable-looking negro knocked at the front door, and when it was opened stuck two pistols into the faces of the peddler and Mrs. Jones. He first demanded the peddler's money, and getting that made Mrs. Jones bring the tax money. As he got it he turned to go out, when the peddler quickly drew a pistol and firing struck the robber in the head, killing him instantly. It was then discovered that the would-be robber was none other than the tax collector himself blacked up.

State Through in the Hart Case.

ROCKFORD, Ills., Jan. 27.—In the Hart murder trial the state rested its case and the court took adjournment until Monday morning, when testimony in behalf of the defendant to show his insanity will begin. The state made a strong case, and the general belief is that the defense will not be able to overcome it with the insanity theory.

No Change in Mr. Childs.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 29.—There is no change in the condition of George W. Childs. He passed a fairly good night. At times he recognized those at his bedside.

HORROR AT A HANGING.

The Rope Breaks During the Execution of George Painter.

CHICAGO, Jan. 27.—The hanging of George G. Painter in the county jail culminated in an awful tragedy. When the drop fell the rope broke and the body plunged to the floor, twelve feet below. It was hastily carried again to the scaffold, another rope was placed in position and the body was again dropped. Grave doubts exist in the minds of the spectators as to whether or not Painter was dead when picked up. Dr. E. C. Fortner, county physician, in an interview, declared that he was dead when he felt for a heart beat as the body was being prepared for the second drop. On the other hand, after the body had been dropped the second time Dr. Fortner felt the pulse for four minutes before he pronounced the man dead. The whole horrible scene lasted sixteen minutes, the first drop falling at 7:59, the second at 8:03½. Painter was pronounced dead at 8:07½ and the body was lowered at 8:15.

The crime for which George Painter was executed was the murder of Alice Martin, a disreputable woman with whom Painter lived. They had frequent quarrels and Painter had often choked and beaten her. On the night of May 17, 1891, Alice Martin was strangled to death. Painter was seen to leave the place about midnight and return in a few minutes. He then set up a great cry, saying that some one had murdered his Alice. Painter was arrested but stoutly protested his innocence. He was tried and sentenced to death. The supreme court refused a new trial and the date of execution was fixed for Dec. 15 last. The governor was appealed to and a respite until Jan. 12 was given. In the meantime attorneys had secured affidavits favorable to Painter, and the governor granted a further respite to Jan. 26. The affidavits had no weight with the governor, however, and when the date arrived Painter was hanged.

CHICAGO'S BIG PAY ROLL.

Over 14,000 People, Including School Teachers, Are On It.

CHICAGO, Jan. 29.—The Chicago Herald devoted seven pages of its Sunday issue to giving the name of every person in the pay of the city and the amount of salary for the month of December. Persons who have given the subject no particular investigation have very indefinite ideas as to the number of officials and employes whose names appear on the monthly pay rolls of the city of Chicago. The number of these individuals, while not so large, perhaps, as many people may have supposed, would be sufficient, nevertheless, to constitute a fairly good-sized army if they were all soldiers. Including those employed in the schools the aggregate number of men and women who work for the municipality is more than fourteen thousand.

The schools alone give employment to 4,759 people. In the department of public works the number of employes is 4,157. This department includes several important bureaus, such as the water office, the street department, the department of special assessments, the city engineer's office, and the building department. The police rolls contain 3,650 names, and 1,185 persons are employed in the fire department.

TWELVE THOUSAND KILLED.

Appalling Loss of Life Caused by Earthquakes in Persia.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 20.—Additional advices by the steamer Belgic, from China, announce the complete annihilation by earthquake of the town of Kuchan, Persia. Twelve thousand persons were killed in the awful disaster. Ten thousand corpses have been recovered to date. The once important and beautiful city of 20,000 people is now a scene of death, desolation, and terror. Fifty thousand cattle were also destroyed at the same time.

Lost with All on Board.

DUBLIN, Jan. 29.—A dispatch from Tralee announces the wreck of the British bark Port Yarrock, Captain Forbes, and the drowning of all her crew, consisting of twenty-five men. The Port Yarrock sailed from Santa Rosalia July 4 for Queenstown and Antwerp and anchored in Brandon bay Jan. 21. The last heard of her she was in a distressed condition, and reported that provisions had run short on the passage and that some of the crew were sick from exposure and lack of sufficient nourishment.

Judge Long Will Appeal.

LANSING, Mich., Jan. 29.—Commissioner of Pensions Lochren Jan. 4 issued an order directing Supreme Court Justice Long to appear before a medical board within three days for examination or submit to having his pension reduced to $50 per month. Judge Long will in view of the recent decision in his case appeal to the supreme court of the District of Columbia for an injunction to restrain the commissioner from carrying the order into effect.

News from Rio de Janeiro.

BUENOS AYRES, Jan. 29.—Dispatches from Rio de Janeiro received here say that an incessant fire is kept up between the insurgent's warships and the government forts, and that much damage has been done to Conceicao island. The insurgents are trying to cut off Rio's water supply. It is reported also that torpedoes have been placed around the fortress of Santa Cruz. Two cases of suspected yellow jack have been discovered aboard the mail steamer Tagus here.

Injunction Against Carlisle.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—Arguments were heard before Judge Cox of the District supreme court on the application of Grand Master Workman Sovereign and T. B. McGuire of the Knights of Labor for an injunction to restrain Secretary Carlisle from issuing $50,000,000 bonds as proposed in his recent bond circular. Judge Cox reserved his decision and announced that Tuesday or Wednesday he would state his conclusion in the case.

Niagara Is Harnessed at Last.

NEW YORK, Jan. 26.—A special to The Press from Niagara Falls says: The first development of Niagara's tunnel power has been successfully made by the immense turbine wheel of the Niagara Falls Paper company. This creates a new era in hydraulics and a new epoch in power development.

Declined to Indict McClelland.

CENTRALIA, Ills., Jan. 27.—The grand jury of Marion county has adjourned after hearing all the evidence in the McClelland skeleton case, and refused to find indictments against John A. McClelland and John Martin, who were held by the coroner's jury.

PRAIRIE STATE NEWS.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO OUR ILLINOIS READERS.

Happenings in the State During the Past Few Days Grouped Together in One Column—Matters Compiled for the Benefit of Our Own People of Illinois.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., Jan. 26.—The state convention of the American Protective association which is in session here, has adopted a platform of principles and made them public. The platform declares nationality not a bar to membership in the order; that the order interferes with no man's partisan politics; attacks no man's religion so long as he does not attempt to make it an element of political power; unites to protect the country against the secret, intolerant and aggressive efforts that are persistently made by certain religio-political organizations to control the government of the United States; favors preserving constitutional liberty; regards all religio-political organizations as enemies of civil and religious liberty, deprecates election or appointment to civil, political or military office of any person who owes supreme allegiance to any foreign king, potentate, or ecclesiastical power; favors unsectarian free school organization; opposes use of public funds for sectarian purposes; favors a law taxing church property, opening of private and parochial schools, convents, and monasteries to public official inspection and placed on the same plan of morality and law as Protestant institutions are; favors changing immigration laws to protect citizen laborers from the pauper criminal labor of Europe; believes there should be an educational qualification to the elective franchise; favors for office patriots regardless of political parties, and announces its mission to awaken the people of America from lethargy, indifference, and over-confidence.

ILLINOIS RAILWAY STATISTICS.

Their Extent, Earnings and Cost to Run—Deaths and Injuries.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 27.—From the report of the state board of warehouse and railway commissioners for the year ended June 30, 1893, the following statistics appear: Illinois still leads all states in railroad mileage, having 10,315 miles of main track and branches and 4,736 miles of double track, switches, side tracks, etc., making a total of 15,051 miles. Seventy-six miles of new track were built during 1892-3, a decrease of twenty-seven miles compared with the preceding year. Earnings and income of Illinois roads for the year ended June 30, 1893, were: Passengers, $23,136,095; freight, $52,312,074; other earnings, $3,253,475; total earnings, $78,701,644; income from all sources, $85,823,152; increase of total income over 1891-2, $4,030,139.

The expenditures for the year were $77,197,611, of which $55,210,762 was for operating expenses, an increase in operating expenses over the year previous of $5,511,504. The number of passengers carried in the state during the year was 45,574,517, an increase of 9,291,980 over the previous year; tons of freight carried, 61,769,657, an increase of 17,294,856.

The total number of railroad employes was 71,884, earning $47,519,037. Killed during the year by accidents, 902, of whom 23 were passengers and 246 employes; injured, 3,751, of whom 399 were passengers and 2,664 employes. Only one passenger out of every 2,000,000 carried in round numbers was killed and only one injured out of every 113,686 carried.

Illinois Editors Gathering.

PEORIA, Ills., Jan. 30.—Republican editors from all parts of the state are gathered here to attend the second annual meeting of the Illinois Republican Editorial association, which begins this afternoon at the National hotel. The editors are coming with their wives and sisters, prepared to have a good time, and the citizens of Peoria are ready to entertain them. The street car company has promised them free transportation, and arrangements have been made to show the visiting journalists all the sights about the city.

Illinois Train Robbers Sentenced.

LINCOLN, Jan. 29.—The jury in the case of the Peoria, Decatur and Evansville railway train bandits were given the case and within an hour decided that all three were guilty. Vanmeter was sentenced to ten years in state prison. Woodward and Howe having proven their ages to be 19 and 18 respectively, were sentenced to the reform school. Vanmeter is desperate and swears he will butt out his brains before he will go to the penitentiary under such a sentence.

The Hart Murder Trial.

ROCKFORD, Ills., Jan. 30.—In the Hart murder trial the defendant, John Hart, was called in his own behalf and for an hour recited the history of his past life, recollecting all dates and events with marked distinctness. His story was coolly told while he rolled his eyes in an insane manner and general public opinion is to the effect that his story alone is enough to convict him.

Appointments by Governor Altgeld.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Jan. 29.—Governor Altgeld has appointed Scott Matthews, of Kinmundy, Marion county, trustee of the southern hospital for the insane at Anna, vice Alva Blanchard, resigned, and M. E. Plain, of Aurora, member of the board of education, Normal university, vice A. W. Stolp, of Aurora, deceased.

A Postmaster Pleads Guilty.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Jan. 30.—I. A. McVey, of Brockton, Edgar county, has pleaded guilty in the United States district court of embezzling funds amounting to $1,347 while postmaster there. He made restitution in court, his father, Jacob McVey, paying the amount and a fine of $100 and costs.

Peoria Firm in Trouble.

PEORIA, Ills., Jan. 30.—Pardee, Mills & Co., proprietors of one of the leading dry goods stores of the city, have confessed judgment on three notes, aggregating $40,000, in favor of the Peoria and German-American National banks of this city, and J. B. Goldschmith of New York.

Insurance Decision by Moloney.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Jan. 30.—Attorney General Moloney has rendered an opinion that violation by the insured of any conditions of a policy will work a forfeiture of insurance and defeat the policy.

Engineer Killed.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Jan. 29.—A wreck occurred on the St. Louis, Chicago & St. Paul railroad about three miles south of Curran, which resulted in the death of the engineer, William Deadman.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

Thomas D. Grady was awarded $3,000 damages against the Chicago and Alton Railroad company at Lincoln, Ills.

Mrs. William Neal poisoned herself at her home in Chrisman, Ills. Continued illness was the cause. She leaves six children.

Wash Atkins was sentenced in Charleston, W. Va., to be hanged for the murder of his uncle, Isaac Radford.

The schools are closed at Locust township, Ills., because of an epidemic of diphtheria.

Candidates for the vacant United States senatorship from Mississippi have been summoned to appear before the legislative caucus to be interrogated as to their position on various public questions.

George Riley was sent to the Peoria, Ills., workhouse for swindling by representing himself as a magazine agent and collecting subscriptions.

Thirteen schools in Lyon county, Kan., will be obliged to close on account of the Santa Fe road failing to pay its tax assessment of $14,000.

* * *

Ed D. Davis, a prominent negro of Greenville, S. C., and his wife were murdered by unknown persons.

The Salem, O., railroad and the Salem Wire Nail company reduced the wages of their employes 10 per cent.

Felix Goodman of Key West, Ia., was seriously injured in a fight with a wildcat and is not expected to live.

Dr. Furbinger mentions in a German journal that peanuts are a model food for persons suffering from obesity.

Prosecutor Orndorff of Marshall, Ills., has received a letter from the prosecuting attorney of a neighboring county offering to produce the murderess of George Powers if money for his witnesses is provided.

Mrs. Emanuel Hodge fell dead in Elwood, Ind., through excitement over the burning of a neighbor's residence and the narrow escape of the family.

On Monday next the suspended savings bank at Baraboo, Wis., will resume with an entirely new management.

* * *

D. H. Greer, foreman of a lumber company near Birmingham, Ala., was killed by a limb from a falling tree. Jim Benton, a negro lad, was killed by another limb.

A new French ironclad cruiser named the Chanzy was launched at Maronne, near Bordeaux.

Mrs. Sadie Fry of Hammond, Ind., sued the Wabash railroad for $5,000 damages for injuries received while alighting from a train.

William E. Smith, aged 50, fell dead at his farm near Eau Claire, Wis., of heart disease. He served during the war in the Forty-eighth Wisconsin.

The Lima Natural Gas company commenced an injunction suit against the city of Lima to prevent the latter from publishing an ordinance just passed regulating the price of natural gas.

Mr. Blount is authority for the statement that his name should be pronounced "Blunt" and not "Blount," as it so often is.

Mrs. Georgia D. Scott sued A. L. Scott and Joseph Scott, wholesale shoe dealers of Pittsburg, for $50,000 damages for alienating the affections of her husband and their brother, William E. Scott.

* * *

Count William Bismarck, son of the prince, is young and handsome and noted in Berlin for his remarkable strength. He is the court president in Hanover.

Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson is one of the leading authorities in Egyptian archæology in this country. She was one of the judges at the World's fair and is now lecturing in the east on Greek art.

Mrs. Emil Kellar while insane shot her husband, her 9-months-old child, and herself in Auburn, N. Y. The husband was killed instantly; the mother and child will die.

Public schools are closed and there will be no church services Sunday at Decatur, Ills., because of an epidemic of diphtheria.

Elizabeth Thompson, aged 91, and for sixty-five years a resident of Cass county, died in Virginia, Ills.

The three burglars who robbed the Atchison depot and G. H. Barker's hardware store at Girard, Kan., are now jailed there.

The Haskell home for orphans was dedicated at Battle Creek, Mich., with appropriate services, Bishop Gillespie delivering the address.

All the inmates of the western New York house of refuge for women at Albion, three in number, escaped.

* * *

Piqua, O., according to a directory census, has a population of 13,000, a gain of 4,000 since 1890.

Mrs. Bunton and her son, 7 years old, of Newton county, Ind., died of hydrophobia. They were bitten by a dog several weeks ago.

A Veteran's Story

Jos. Hemmerich.

Mr. Joseph Hemmerich, an old soldier, 529 E. 146th St., N. Y. City, writes us voluntarily. In 1862, at the battle of Fair Oaks, he was stricken with typhoid fever, and after a long struggle in hospitals, lasting several years, was discharged as incurable with Consumption. Doctors said both lungs were affected and he could not live long, but a comrade urged him to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before he had finished one bottle his cough began to get loose, the choking sensation left, and night sweats grew less and less. He is now in good health and cordially recommends

Hood's Sarsaparilla

as a general blood purifier and tonic medicine, especially to his comrades in the G. A. R.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.

I CURE FITS!

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THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 3, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—
Nat C. Goodwin, Jr.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—
Spinach.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—
Marie Jansen.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—
Dewolf Hopper.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—
Pauline Hall Opera Co.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—
Walker Whiteside.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—
"The Irish Statesman.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—
"The County Fair."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, near Madison.—"The White Slave."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscribers in city and country, who have received their January bills, will greatly oblige the office by remitting without further notice, and thus save us additional trouble and expense.

THE FOSTERING OF IRISH NATIONALITY.

The question of higher education for the masses of the Irish people seems to be taking some definite shape in Ireland, but it needs stimulants to render it effective. Owing to the long, long struggle against penal enactments and restrictions, the Irish Catholics for centuries devoted themselves mainly to the cause of the church in Ireland. Insensibly, the national sentiment became merged in the Catholic sentiment, notwithstanding the tolerant attitude of such Irish Protestant patriots as Grattan, Curran and Tone. Swift was a good Irishman, from a materialistic standpoint, but he was a bigoted member, and minister, of the Anglican church; Flood was also a good Irishman but was opposed to Catholic equality. The convention of Protestant Volunteers at Dungannon, in 1780, declared for Catholic rights, with only two dissenting votes, and the Irish parliament of 1793 abrogated the most offensive features of the penal laws, although not a single Catholic had a seat in that renowned body. Catholic irritation against what remained of Protestant ascendency was so great that it prevented a more thorough union of the two sects in the warfare, passive and active, against England, from 1779 to 1798; and the promise of the immediate passage of a Catholic Emancipation act by Pitt, in 1800, hastened the passage of the Union act, so fatal to the interests of Ireland. After the passage of that act, a period of nearly thirty years was wasted in agitation before Emancipation was finally won.

This prolonged moral warfare made the Irish of the first half of this century, from the very nature of things, more Catholic than national. They were fighting a Protestant power, just as in the days of the Geraldines and the O'Neills, and it was, perhaps, only natural that they should have frequently confounded the two causes, notwithstanding that many of their Protestant countrymen took part with them in their struggle. But the Irish mind is ardent, and the Protestant who, like Emmet, Mitchel or Smith O'Brien, backs the national cause is, in spirit at least, considered a Catholic. In fact, the word Protestant, from the days of Elizabeth, stood for England and her allies in Ireland, while Catholic stood for all good Irishmen, whether they belonged to that faith or not. If the English had remained Catholic, we have no doubt that the principles of the "Reformation" would have made much greater progress in Ireland.

Since Emancipation has been won, the matter of creed has gradually grown to be less of a factor in the national struggle. The Irish mind, especially the Irish Catholic mind, has grown liberalized. It no longer confounds church with country, because the former stands absolutely untrammeled, while the latter is pretty nearly in the same condition that she has been for centuries. Therefore, there is good reason why the national question, pure and simple, should now be paramount in Ireland.

Agitations excite, but they rarely educate. It cannot be denied that the Irish people of this generation are, for the most part, better educated, in the technical sense, than their fathers, but we doubt if they are quite as ardently national. The Irishmen of the O'Connell and Young Ireland periods were very distinctly Irish. Famine and emigration had not entirely subdued their elasticity of spirit. In O'Connell's time, particularly, the Irish national costumes, habits and manners were as distinctly marked as those of Spain or Germany. The Irish language was spoken generally in three provinces, and was not entirely extinct in Leinster. O'Connell's boast that the Irish were "the finest peasantry under the sun," so frequently sneered at, was justified by their numbers, their fine physique, and their bounding courage. Not all the cannon of England could have quelled O'Connell's Irish if their leader had been as bold as his people were brave and determined.

The great famine changed all this. It did more to conquer Ireland, to break the martial spirit of her people, than the torch of Mountjoy, the sword of Cromwell or of William, or the scaffolds of Castlereagh and Camden. From that period dates the modern decadence of Ireland. The national dress, habits, customs and language have either disappeared or declined. It is doubtful if some of them can be revived, although it is in evidence that the language, at least, is making some progress in modern Ireland.

Together with historical education, an effort should be made by the present leaders of public opinion in Ireland, to make the Irish people distinctive in their dress. The Irish members, for example, should appear in parliament dressed in clothes of distinctively Irish material. We don't know whether their legs, long accustomed to the enfeebling English trousers, would stand the test of the graceful knee breeches of their grandsires; but we should like to see Justin McCarthy, John Redmond, and the rest of them, show practical patriotism by appearing before the British members in suits of handsome Irish frieze or Blarney tweed. They should also quit imitating the English accent, the English mode of hair dressing, and, in fact, everything English, except the language which, under existing conditions, is indispensable. By setting this good example to their countrymen they would be doing more to make Ireland a nation de facto than even by the passage of Mr. Gladstone's damaged home rule bill.

DEATH OF BERNARD CALLAGHAN.

THE CITIZEN is sincerely sorry to have to announce the death of Mr. Bernard Callaghan—one of our oldest friends—which occurred at the family residence, No. 2962 Indiana avenue, on Monday, in the 72d year of his age. His fatal malady was diabetes, from which he had suffered for a long time, but frequently rallied. His friends refused to believe that he was in serious danger until Sunday night; when he became unconscious, and, within a few hours, peacefully passed away. He was a gentleman of very comely presence, rather of the Robert E. Lee type, and his cordial manners made him a favorite with all who knew him. As a business man, while he remained active, he stood in the first rank. He retired about three years ago, having amassed a handsome fortune, but still retained his interest in the great lawbook publishing firm. He took great interest in politics, as a Democrat, but never aspired to any elective office himself. Mr. Callaghan was, for years, one of the foremost communicants of the Catholic parish of St. James, and his last hours were rendered happy by the consolations of the church to which he was so truly devoted.

"Mr. Callaghan was born in Roscrea, county Tipperary, Ireland, July, 1822. He left Ireland when he was 24 years old and came to Nova Scotia, where he went to work in a saw mill. He remained there but a short time and went to St. John's, N. B., and afterward to Boston, where he commenced the manufacture of whalebone. In 1852 he entered the employment of Little, Brown & Co., one of the oldest lawbook publishing firms. When he began work for this firm it was at a meagre salary and in an inferior position. His engagement with the firm covered thirteen years, and when he left them he left a position of trust in the management of the company's business. During the time he was employed by Little, Brown & Co. he traveled considerably in the west and selected Chicago as the place in which he would cast his lot and build his fortune. During the time he lived in Boston he took every advantage of his opportunities in fitting himself educationally for the business he had chosen, and by continuous attendance at debating and literary societies gave himself a liberal education.

When he came to Chicago in 1864 he, in company with a brother clerk, commenced the law publishing business under the firm name of Callaghan & Cutler. Later Mr. Cutler retired and the firm became Callaghan & Cockcroft and afterward became Callaghan & Co. In the fire of 1871, when everybody in Chicago lost heavily, Mr. Callaghan lost everything. Creditors in the East offered to make compromises on the debts of the firm, but Mr. Callaghan stoutly refused, saying that he would pay every cent. He again went to work and in less than two years paid the debts in full. The business of the firm steadily widened until it has taken place in the front rank with the leading law publishing houses of the country. In July, 1891, when Mr. Callaghan retired from business, he intended to travel extensively, but from carrying out this plan he was deterred by failing health. His son, James E. Callaghan, is now a member of the firm. He was for five years a member of the South Park board, and at one time its president. He served two terms as a member of the Public Library board, and during one term was its president. While holding this office he did much to secure favorable legislation for the library both at Washington and Springfield. Mr. Callaghan was married in 1853 to Miss Mary King, who is now his widow. Eight children were born to them, but only three of them are now living. They are James E. Callaghan, Mrs. E. V. McDonald and Miss Mary F. Callaghan."

Although not what might be termed an advanced Nationalist, Mr. Callaghan always took an active interest in the the cause of Ireland, and, on the occasion of Parnell's visit, was one of the men who subscribed liberally to aid the cause. He gave one subscription of $500, and did not stop at that amount. The failure of the Parnell movement, and the unfortunate end of the great leader's career, caused him deep sorrow. He often expressed himself as having more confidence in the wisdom and genius of Parnell than in those of any leader that had arisen in his time.

Mr. Callaghan laid down the burden of life at a good old age, but there was nothing in his appearance, up to within a year or two, that indicated any break in his vigorous constitution. He is followed to the grave by the sincere regret of thousands who loved him as a man and honored him as a citizen.

MR. QUINN'S LECTURE.

The Hon. M. C. Quinn, one of the most eloquent of Irish-American speakers, is prepared to deliver his famous lecture on "America and Americans, True and False," before any community he may be invited to address. Mr. Quinn is a distinguished lawyer, of Peoria, Ill., and is noted for the broadness of his views and the nervous energy of his language. Intensely American in sentiment, he has a horror of bigotry, and, being a profound historian, sustains his arguments by copious references to the patriotism exhibited by Catholics and foreigners during the severe and, in fact, vital struggles in which the republic has been engaged since its foundation. We hope Mr. Quinn will receive many invitations from people who wish to learn the truth of history, irrespective of class, creed, birth or descent.

AN IRISH ANTI-FADIST.

Mr. Edward R. Whelan, a Dublin gentleman of refreshing national sentiment, is one of the leading minds of the Young Ireland League of the Irish metropolis. He and the admirable society to which he belongs are doing much to forward the cause of general education in Ireland. At a lecture delivered by him in Dublin, on Jan. 10, and entitled "Fifty Years of National Retrogression," Mr. Whelan thus expressed himself:

"The truth is that the education of the masses of the people has always been systematically neglected, while agitation has succeeded agitation for the better education of the classes by means of university education. Yet these improvements afforded in the direction of university education have ever operated as bribes given by the British government for the purpose of Anglicizing the Irish well-to-do classes. The grants made for the Queen's colleges alone amounted to over £40 a head of those who attended the colleges. The sum of £20,000 a year was devoted to the Royal University, and other grants on similar scales were made to other colleges. While all this attention has been paid to university education and these amounts spent upon it, nothing, worth speaking of, was done until last year for primary education beyond the passing of the original National Education act. Any improvement which has been made in primary education, or in the condition of the teachers, is not due to the managers or patrons of the schools, but to the teachers. The amount voted by parliament in 1890 was £918,000 for primary education, and the number of pupils on the rolls was 685,000 odd, or less than £2 per head. Compare this with £40, or even £50, per head applied for university education, and it can easily be understood how unjustly the masses have been treated, and how unjustly they have been taxed to educate the classes. The demand for university education is still going on, but no demand is made from the same source for the putting into operation of the Compulsory Education act, nor for amending any defect in its provisions, nor for the extending of compulsory education to rural districts. Should this demand for increased expenditure for university education be persisted in, it will be the duty of all who are interested in the education of the masses to effectively prevent any such expenditure until the claims of the general body of the people shall have been fully discharged."

Mr. Whelan has what may be termed an American mind, for he believes the masses should be considered before the classes, in the matter of education. The putting in force of compulsory education in any country can hardly be called agreeable, but, in some countries, it is a necessity. It is a shame to see the noble human mind neglected while the means of education are at hand. In this respect America is blessed above all other countries. Her public schools are magnificent. Her denominational schools are worthy of the genius of her government No American-born child need go without an education, sufficient, at least, for the ordinary purposes of life. In Ireland, it would appear, that even when the will is present the means are absent.

It is curious that Mr. Whelan in Dublin, although in a different, direction, takes the same ground for the education of the masses, first, that the "anti-fad" agitators, Messrs. Trude, Rosenthal and others, took recently in Chicago. The latter objected to the expenditure of public money for certain higher branches of education in the public schools, until the lower branches were first assured to all children of school age. Mr. Whelan, very properly, objects to the expenditure of public money on costly universities until the masses of the people have provided for them the simpler forms of education required by their children. THE CITIZEN applauds Mr. Whelan, and thinks that the cause of Ireland is not by any means hopeless while the country can point to such gifted sons as he. We hope to hear more from this brilliant man before long. He would make a much better, more practical, representative at Westminster than some of the dummies who now hold down seats in that arena of legislature.

WOULD THE IRISH FIGHT FOR ENGLAND?

Our pessimistic contemporary, the *Irish Standard*, published at Minneapolis, Minn., commenting on a recent editorial in THE CITIZEN, relative to turning the Whigs out of office, says:

"The Irish parliamentary party will not take such a foolish advice as this. The Irish people are not willing to fight for their rights as suggested by THE CITIZEN. They are not able to fight any better than they were during the Crimean war of forty years ago. England's difficulty is not Ireland's opportunity. Our opinion is that if England's difficulty arose tomorrow, the Irish would spring to arms to help her out of the difficulty. The stalwart Irish peasants of today have no intention of taking the field to fight England; on the contrary they would enlist in the British army and fight the Russians as in 1854."

We are sorry to find the *Standard* holding so poor an opinion of the Irish people. It reads like bitter irony, and is, probably, so intended, because, unfortunately, in the past thousands of the youth of Ireland were unable to resist the thirst for fighting and adventure, and became an easy prey to the recruiting sergeants of the British army. Now, however, the situation is different, in the first place because all the young Irishmen of fighting age, who are likely to enlist, come to this country, and, in the next, because service in India, and in Africa, to which the Irish regiments are generally assigned, is both unhealthy and disagreeable.

As to the folly of THE CITIZEN'S advice to the Irish party, in reference to turning the Whigs out of office, that is entirely a matter of opinion, but we would like to be informed as to what the Irish people are gaining at present by keeping the Whigs in office. Evictions are going on the same as if there had been no change of party. Dublin Castle is as insolent as ever, and the political prisoners remain incarcerated. Balfour himself could do no worse. Parnell's coup de main against the Whigs, in 1885, had the effect of precipitating the Home Rule bill. Why should not what was good policy then be sound policy now?

HON. WILLIAM H. CALKINS.

Major William H. Calkins, who served as congressman from Indiana for ten years, but who moved to the State of Washington in 1889, died of Bright's disease at Tacoma on Monday, aged 52 years. He served with conspicuous bravery in the Union army, and was as devoted a patriot as ever America bore and nurtured. While in congress he labored with zeal and ability for the increase of the navy, and was the leader of the debate on that subject, on the Republican side, in 1884. Aided by the Protection Democrats and Independents, he succeeded in wringing from the reluctant Bourbons an appropriation, which, small as it was, laid the foundation for the White Squadron and other important additions to our navy of today. In personal appearance, Major Calkins was one of the most majestic men that ever stood beneath the American flag, and his heart was as broad and liberal as it was friendly and humane. Few men deserved better of their country than William H. Calkins. The last wish of the dying soldier and statesman was gratified by seeing his daughter, who had been traveling in Italy and had been summoned home on account of his illness, before he died.

THE adherents of James II. in Great Britain and Ireland were known as Tories, while the supporters of William of Orange were called Whigs. Thus Tyrconnell, Sarsfield and the rest were rank Tories, and even the Irish army that fought for King James was sometimes designated the Tory army. Charles James Fox virtually inaugurated the era of modern Whiggery in England. Ireland has always suffered more from the Whigs than the Tories. The Whigs had an excellent representative in Cromwell, although a little before their time. The Whigs broke the Treaty of Limerick and passed the penal laws. The Whigs fostered the famine of 1847, and, in fact, they have been Ireland's chiefest curse. All English parties are bad, but the Whigs worst of all.

THE CITIZEN is tired of reading about the A.P.A. in professional "Catholic" papers. If these Catholic editors are so badly scared, there is nothing to hinder them from going to Canada—or England. In either place they will find ample protection.

ADMIRAL BENHAM was the right man in the right place when he fired upon the insolent insurgent Brazilian fleet, in the harbor of Rio Janiero the other day. That shot immediately changed the aspect of affairs, and American merchantmen will be safe from insult and oppression in the future. We believe this was the first American cannon shot fired on the sea in anger since the close of the Civil war. Admiral Benham, viva!

IT is announced from England that Gladstone intends to resign. Well, what of it? Parnell died and the Irish cause still lives. It can outlive Gladstone since it has survived Parnell.

HON. WILLIAM MCKINLEY, governor of Ohio, was entertained at the fourth annual banquet of the Ohio Society of Chicago, at the Grand Pacific Hotel on Tuesday evening. In the course of the evening he delivered an able speech on the history of the Buckeye State. The Hon. Frank Hurd, of Toledo, was the other guest of honor.

MARIE JOSEPHINE, the pretty and interesting little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Foley, No. 4103 Vincennes avenue, died on Frieay of last week, after a brief illness. THE CITIZEN extends its sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Foley in their affliction.

LORD WOLSELEY, who is writing articles on "The Decline and Fall of Napoleon" in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, is an ardent admirer of the military genius of the great Corsican and of the valor of his marshals. For Ney, in particular, he exhibits the most profound admiration. After graphically describing that immortal warrior's celebrated defense of the bridge of Kovno, on the retreat from Russia, Gen. Wolseley says, "What poor creatures some of Homer's heroes seem beside the bravest of the brave!"

JOHN REDMOND, M.P., says he is going to move amendments to the Queen's speech, in the matter of the political prisoners and the evicted tenants. Yes, but the 70 other fellows will vote with the Whigs just the same.

THE CITIZEN will give a report of the obsequies of Mr. Bernard Callaghan, which occurred on Thursday, in its next issue.

WHO ever heard of an Orangeman voting for a Catholic anyhow, unless, indeed, he happened to be an Orange Catholic, like the late Judge Keogh, of throat-slitting memery? What difference, then, whether the Orangeman votes as an Orangeman or an A. P. A? The Orange society is the backbone of the A. P. A. When decent Americans, who are sometimes misled, find out the true objects of the disorderly Order, they will shun it like the smallpox, and be ashamed of ever having had their names connected with it.

MISS ROSINA VOKES, the popular actress, died at Torquay, in Devonshire, Eng., on Saturday, in the 40th year of her age. Miss Vokes was a great favorite with theatre goers of this city.

MR. JOHN MAGUIRE, the talented dramatic manager of Montana, has written an excellent reply to Bourke Cockran's speech on the Wilson bill, recently delivered in congress. Mr. Maguire takes strong protection ground, and puts his reasons for being a high tariff man in terse and cogent language.

ENTRE NOUS, don't you think, gentle reader, that some of our "Catholic" contemporaries are making the A.P.A. too important? Organization counts for little with the bigots. They would vote against Catholic candidates whether organized or unorganized. It must be borne in mind that before the A.P.A. can overthrow Catholicism in this country it must, first of all, overthrow the American constitution.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

OBITUARY.

ALD. J. N. MULVIHILL.

Ald. Jeremiah N. Mulvihill, the victim of Michael Fewer's murderous bullet, was one of the most popular of Chicago's public officers, and his sad fate is universally mourned. Resolutions were passed in his honor by the City Council, which adjourned as a further token of respect, and political friends and adversaries vied with each other in showing their appreciation of his numerous manly and generous qualities. The funeral occurred on Monday, from the residence to St. Stephen's church. For an hour before the departure of the funeral cortege throngs of friends waited before the house at Austin avenue and Green street, hoping to take a last look at the dead. But only a small number of them could gain admission. Carriages in double rows lined both sides of Austin avenue for over two blocks and filled Green street for over half a block both ways from the Mulvihill residence. At St. Stephen's church, Ohio and Sangamon streets, where mass was sung, conditions were similar. With the exception of the central body of the church, which had been kept clear for city officials, pallbearers and mourners, every seat in the edifice was occupied at an early hour, and before the service began began the aisles were packed. Solemn high requiem mass was sung by Rev. Father D. Egan, assisted by Fathers Quinn and Lynch, as deacon and subdeacon. It was 11 o'clock before the hearse reached the church, although it had been announced that the procession would leave the house at 9:30. The casket was borne down the central aisle and deposited before the altar by Aldermen Daniel J. Horan, Martin Morrison, Charles F. Swigert, Martin Knowles, Michael Ryan, John J. Brennan, Edward Muelhoefer and John A. Larson. The hearse was escorted to the church and thence to the Northwestern depot, where a train was taken to Calvary cemetery, by a platoon of policemen officered by Lieutenant Penzen and Sergeants Polazinski and Nelson and commanded by Captain Koch. There were several carriages filled with floral offerings. Among these was a cross of white carnations, entwined with pink roses, the gift of the City Council, and an immense pillow upon which appeared the word "Colleague" from Ald. Stephen M. Gosselin. The honorary pallbearers were selected from members of Court Iron King 129, Independent Order of Foresters. They were: A. Drelsner, M. Powers, T. McDermott, Jas. Hackett, Daniel Reardon, T. J. Quinn, James Crown, Herman Kistner. With but few exceptions the entire City Council was in attendance, with many heads of city departments. Prominent men present were: Mayor Hopkins, J. McAndrews, C. Mahoney, Frank Gaulter, Superintendent Crossette, C. D. Gastfield, W. Hesing, Inspector Laughlin, Capt. Mahoney, Coronor McHale, Superintendent McCarthy, Superintendent Scofield, Roger Sullivan, Jas. C. Strain, Stephen Griffin, Frank Lawler, Comptroller Ackerman. Mr. Mulvihill was born in Kilmeany, county Kerry, Ireland, about thirty-six years ago. The family was evicted when Jeremiah was only 6 years old, and all emigrated to this country. They settled at Toronto, Clinton county, Iowa, as a farm, and, by dint of energy and industry, prospered exceedingly. At the age of 21, he married Miss Davitt, a distant relative of the famous Irish agitator, and moved with his wife to this city. He worked for some time in the establishment of Col. William P. Rend, the well known coal merchant, and then went into the mineral water business, in which he accumulated a competence. He also had other interests, and was generally recognized as an active and able man of affairs. His career in the City Council, to which he was three times elected, was a highly honorable one, and he was greatly esteemed by all his colleagues. Mr. Mulvihill's parents died in Iowa ten years ago, leaving several younger children, some of whom, one married sister and a brother, reside in Chicago.

MRS. MARY LITTLE.

Mrs. Mary Little (nee Long), beloved wife of Oscar C. Little, died in San Antonio, Texas, Jan. 25, aged 28 years. Mrs. Little had been in San Antonio for the past three months, endeavoring to recruit her health, but finally succumbed to death, and her remains were brought to Chicago for burial. The funeral rites took place at the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel on Monday last, where solemn requiem high mass was celebrated, with the Rev. Father O'Brien, pastor, as celebrant, and the Rev. Fathers Croke and Fox as deacon and subdeacon respectively. Father O'Brien dellvered an eloquent panegyric upon the deceased, extolling her many noble qualities as a Christian wife and mother, and assuaging the grief of her relatives and friends by the assurance that she died with all the consolations of the church. The funeral procession then wended its way to Calvary cemetery, where the Rev. D. P. O'Brien, of St. Columbkill's church, a relative of the deceased, impressively conducted the burial service.

Mrs. Little was a sister-in-law of Mr. Bernard Curtis, of this city, and was the daughter of Mrs. Fanny Long and the late James Long, of Newton, Iowa, where the deceased resided for some years, having a large circle of friends there, as well as here, who will greatly mourn her early demise.

OWEN O'MALLEY.

Owen O'Malley, well known in local politics, and for many years bridge tender at Jackson street, died suddenly at his residence, No. 66 West Jackson street, on Tuesday. He was a native of Westport, county Mayo, Ireland, and was 42 years old. Mr. O'Malley was very well liked by all who knew him, as he was honest in his dealings and sincere in his friendships. In politics, he was an Independent, with a strong leaning toward Republicanism, but, as he used to say himself, he would vote for a friend, no matter what ticket he was on. The funeral occurred from St. Patrick's church on Thursday, and was very largely attended. The interment was at Calvary cemetery.

Can You Eat

Heartily, with relish, and without distress afterward? If not, we recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla, which creates a good appetite and so tones the stomach and bowels that the food is properly digested and assimilated.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

TO INSPIRATION.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

Draw nearer to me, wrap me in thy flame,
Etherialize my body, lift my soul
Up to the verge of that eternal goal
Glimpse of whose vision mind of man can claim;
Quicken the feet of fancy that are lame
And bruised with dragging mortal chains; attach
Thine own talaria to them; they will match
The swiftness that in Grecian dream became
Mercury the supple messenger of the old
And shattered gods; then robe me in thy fold
And I shall speed through yet unfooted space,
Sink like a bird on folded wing or race
Upward with leaping bounds to that far height
Approaching nearest to the empyrean Right.

EUROPE RAPIDLY ARMING.

Recent Information On the Subject Proves What a Terrible Struggle the Next Great War Will Be.

General Sir Archibald Allison, Bart, G.C.B., gives us in *Blackwood's Magazine* a mass of information on the military organizations of the continent; and, apart from its value and authority as a work from the pen of an expert, in the present state of political uncertainty, the article cannot fail to be of great interest. It is crammed with detail and deduction, of which the limited space at my command, says a writer in the London *Sun*, prevents my giving anything but a synopsis.

General Allison states that France has already reached the limit of her resources in the number of men she has fit for annual incorporation in the ranks. Germany has a surplus of 90,000 men yearly to draw from. Thus, although France has been increasing her army more rapidly than Germany, she has come to the end of her tether, while Germany will be able to continue her progress for many years to come. Sir Archibald then divides the camps into Russia and France versus Germany, Austria and Italy, and he indicates that this is a natural selection by the position of their troops during the time of peace.

Russia, owing to the immense extent of her empire, and the comparatively small number of her railways in proportion to those of any other European state, is quite unable to concentrate powerful armies for offensive purposes on any point of her dominion nearly as rapidly as the other great powers. She if consequently obliged to mass troops on her frontier during peace. When moblized for war, and all the reserves called out, the forces of Russia are as follows:

	Officers & Men	Horses	Guns
Field troops...	1,454,044	457,000	4,210
Field reserve..	755,853	481,000	988
Fortress.....	160,656	1,400	....
Local	33,685	2,600	....
Depot.....	318,157	38,000	....
Total	2,722,395	980,000	5,198

The three vital points of Russia's policy are, says Gen. Allison, clear. (1) She if straining every nerve to mass every disposable man on her Polish frontier to be able, in conjunction with France, to crush Germany. (2) Until this contest is over she has given up the idea of seizing Constantinople. (3) She has no present intention of making any move upon Afghanistan or India. She will not stir without the aid of France, of which, however, she is well assured.

France is just as well prepared for offensive war, and her army, on a peace footing, amounts to 525,755. In war, with all her reserves out, it increases thus:

	Officers & Men	Field-guns	Horses
Infantry	1,783,891	.....	.....
Cavalry.....	317,245	.....	800,000
Artillery	429,584	4,500	
All others.....	185,456	.....	.....
Total.....	2,715,676	4,500	800,000

Which gives the Dual Alliance a fighting force of 5,437,971 men.

Now for the Triple Alliance. Germany, says Sir Archibald, stands within the very forefront of the battle. She lies between Russia and France, and to meet this danger she has in peaceful times 592,869 fighting men. In case of war, with her reserves, she can muster:

	Officers & Men	Field-guns	Horses
Infantry	1,797,832	.....	.....
Cavalry	142,802	.....	522,126
Artillery	294,047	4,428	
All others.....	206,755	.....	.....
Total.....	2,441,436	4428,	522,126

This is a large force, especially when its perfect training is taken into account. But Germany does not deem it sufficient, and she has started on an increase that will make a very great addition to her army, raising it, in fact, to the enormous number of 4,300,000 men. Then comes Austria. In peace she has 299,146 men; but for war this becomes:

	Officers & Men.	Field guns.	Horses.
Infantry.....	1,294,605	....	.....
Cavalry	97,306	....	291,870
Artillery	104,849	....	
All others....	94,059	....	
Total.....	1,590,819	2,316	291,870

Italy would be expected first to throw a considerable force into Southern France along the shores of the Mediterranean. She must indeed be a distant reserve, which can only be brought into the fighting line after a short lapse of time. In peace she has about 247,000 men; in war:

	Officers & Men.	Field-guns.
Infantry	1,487,899	.....
Cavalry.....	85,685	.....
Artillery	216,760	1,620
All others.....	118,677	.....
Total.....	1,909,021	1,620

Summing up, we find that the Triple Alliance would have for the fight 5,941,276 men, 8,184 field-guns, and more than 813,996 horses; the Dual Alliance 5,437,971 men, 9,920 field-guns, and 1,480,000 horses.

In conclusion, Gen. Allison says:

Thus the Dual Alliance has in peace 362,000 men under arms more than the Triple Alliance, but in war the Triple Alliance has 508,000 more.

On the whole, however, they are very evenly matched, though the central position of the Triple Alliance, the members of which are all in touch with one another, ought to give it a certain advantage over the Dual Alliance, who are separated from each other by the whole breadth of Germany, and are nowhere in touch.

We have made no allusion to the naval results which this great contest will involve, but we cannot conclude without a word on the subject.

It may be assumed that England will remain neutral so long as her interests are not directly threatened. The presence of a Russian squadron in the Mediterranean, and the placing of the French naval ports at its disposition, as stations and for repairs, clearly point to this as not being merely a new, but a permanent arrangement. Now—England remaining neutral—the Franco-Russian squadron in that sea could be opposed only by the combined fleets of Italy and Austria; and there can be little doubt that, in this event, the powerful Mediterranean fleet of France, reinforced by the Russian squadron, would have a decided preponderance over those of Italy and Austria, while in the North Sea and the Baltic the naval power of France and Russia combined would dominate that of Germany.

Every fresh light on the subject further proves what a terrible struggle the next great war will be.

DAVITT'S DENIAL.

He Brands as Utterly False the Report that Sought to Identify Him With the Cronin Murder Case.

Michael Davitt, the Irish agitator, has replied to the serious charges made against him in connection with the alleged conspiracy which resulted in the murder of Dr. Cronin. The reply is in the form of a letter, which has been received by John S. Mullen, of No. 267 West Monroe street:

BALLYBRACK, COUNTY DUBLIN, Ireland, Jan. 18.—*Mr. J. S. Mullen, Chicago. Dear Sir:* I thank you for your letter of Jan. 1, and for the cuttings from Chicago papers which you were kind enough to inclose.

With reference to some of these it is obviously a waste of time as well as an outrage upon one's self-respect to reply to Devoy & Co., and you will, I trust, pardon me if I pass by the latest inventions of these gentlemen as being unworthy of notice. You ask me three questions:

1. Did you see Le Caron's suppressed letters which gave the names of three assistants?

2. If so, who were they, and why not give their names to the public, even at this late day?

3. Was the name of P. H. Cronin, M.D., among them?

In reply permit me to say:

1. I did not see any such letters or any of the spy's documents which were ordered by the judges to be kept back from the inspection of those involved in the *Times'* charges. Neither did Mr. Parnell nor any member of the Irish party. The judges decided that these particular letters should be seen by Sir Henry James on behalf of the *Times* and by Mr. Asquith (now home secretary) on behalf of Mr. Parnell and the other traversers, and these are the only persons who were engaged in the special commission who possess the information which you ask me to impart.

2. If it had been otherwise, and such letters had been inspected by Mr. Parnell or myself, or any other Nationalist, undes a pledge of secrecy, it would be impossible to reveal the information thus obtained without incurring the stigma of dishonorable conduct.

3. This question is already practically answered by my reply to your first question. I can, of course, only express my belief in the absence of absolute information on the point, and I have always been convinced that Dr. Cronin was not one of Le Caron's confederates. The newspaper reports of his assassination cabled to this side represented the act at first as being a deed of vengeance for alleged betrayal of the Clan-na-Gael, und such reports, in the absence of the facts which subsequently came to light, misled many who knew absolutely nothing about Dr. Cronin into an expression of some doubt upon the subject. Those who have said that I denounced him as "a British spy" simply lied. I did nothing of the kind, and no words of mine to that effect are on record anywhere. I knew nothing whatever about him at the time, and never mentioned his name in speech, conversation or writing in my life until the news of his cowardly murder came to this side.

The latest invention of Devoy and company is that I wrote a letter to some person in Chicago, saying, "Remove him at all hazards, but I leave it to your own judgment," or words to this effect. This is as false as the heart of the man who concocts the infamous lie. No letter of the kind was ever written by me to any person in Chicago or in the United States, and I am confident that no one in that city, outside of the "Devoy circle," ever represented to any individual that any such letter had ever been sent by me.

Why on earth should I, or any one else, on this side of the Atlantic, at that, or any other time, have any interest in Dr. Cronin?

It was not possible at the period of the Parnell commission to do anything more calculated to help the *Times* and our other enemies than the perpetration of such an atrocious murder, while on the other hand there could not well be an act more likely to estrange American sentiment and sympathy from the Home Rule movement than such an outrage upon the law and the public feeling of the United States as that represented in the slaying of such a man in such a manner.

For all these reasons, therefore, you well see how grotesque the suggestion is that any one over here could have had any part whatever in the instigations or carrying out of such a deed.

It is equally difficult for persons on this side to imagine that any man of any representative position in connection with any Irish movement in America could have lent any sympathy or assistance to the commission of a crime that could only bring odium and injury to the cause of the Irish people.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

—*Inter-Ocean, Jan. 28.*

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Tobar Deire-an-Domhain.

[AIR LEANANMAIN.]

Bhreathnuigh sé go raibh sgribhinn air an m-buideul agus air an m-builin, agus léigh sé air an m-builin "Arán Do'n Domhan," agus air an m-buideul "Uisge Do'n Domhan." Gheárr sé piosa de'n m-builin acht d'éirigh sé nios mó 'na bhí sé. "Mo leun nach bh-fuil an builin agus an buideul sin 'sa' m-baile," an san mac righ, "agus ni bhéidheadh ocras ná tart air na daoinibh bochta." Ann sin chuaidh sé astesch i seómra mór agus chonnairc sé an bhainrioghan agus aon deug mná cóibhdeach' 'nna g-codladh, agus cloidheamh an t-solais crochta os cionn na bainrioghna. Budh h-é a bhi tabhairt solais do'n chaisleán iomlán.

An uair chonnairc sé an bhainrioghan, dubhairt sé leis féin, "budh mhaith an bhean dam i," agus d'imthig sé agus phóg sé an bhainrioghan, acht nior mhdsgail sise, ná aon de na mnáibh cóibhdeach. Ann sin fuair sé an cloidheamh, an buideul, agus an builin, agus thainig sé do'n t-sean duine, acht nior innis sé dhó go raibh na neithe sin leis. "Cia an chaoi chuaidh tu air d'aghaidh?" ar san sean duine. D'innis an mac righ dhó go bh-facaidh sé builin agus buideul agus cloidheamh iongantach. "Nior bhain tu leó?" ar san sean duine, "seachain iad, mar bhéarfadh siad trioblóid ort. Tar air mo dhruim anois go d-tiubhraidh me thar an abhainn thu.

An uair chuaidh siad go teach an t-sean duine chuir sé uisge as an m-buideul air féin agus rinne sé fear óg de féin. Ann sin dubhairt sé leis an mac righ, "tá mo dheirbhshidr agus me féin saor ó dhraoigheacht, agus tá siad-san 'nna mnáibh óga. D'fhan an mac righ ann sin go raibh an chuid is mó de'n lá agus bliadhain imthighthe. Ann sin thoisigh sé an t-aistear abhaile, acht mo leun ni raibh an gearrán beag aige. Shidhbail sé an cheud lá go raibh dorchadas ag teacht air. Chonnairc sé teach mór. Chuaidh sé go d-ti an doras, bhuail é, agus thainig fear an tighe chuige. "An d-tig leat lóistin do thabhairt dam?" ar sé. "Tig," ar fear an tighe, "acht ni'l aon t-solas againn." "Tá solas agam féin," ar san mac righ. Chuaidh sé astesch ann sin, tharraing an cloidheamh agus thug solas breágh dhóibh uile agus do uile dhuine a bhi air an oileán.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

IRISH NEWS.

A meeting of the delegates of the Dublin Bands was held a fortnight ago in the rooms of the Young Ireland League, for the purpose of considering the best steps to be taken for popularizing Irish music.

Mr. Patrick Kelly, who was one of the first to be evicted in Queen's county for adhering to the "No Rent" manifesto, died Jan. 10. Under the gracious regime of Lord Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan, he was arrested on charge of posting up illegal notices, tried in the usual fashion, and of course convicted. He suffered four years' penal servitude in Mountjoy prison, and there contracted cancer of the stomach, which in the end proved fatal.

The dead body of a young man named Callaghan was found floating in Johnstown lake, near Macroom, on the 15th ult. He had been missing from his father's residence, Cusduve, about six weeks.

The police stationed at Dunmore, county Waterford, discovered the body of a woman buried in the back-yard of the premises occupied by a man named McGrath. Investigation disclosed the fact that it was the body of McGrath's wife, and that she had probably died of cancer of the stomach. He would give no explanation of his reasons for burying her remains in the yard.

At the meeting of the members of the Sacred Heart Sodality in the Catholic church at Naas, Sunday evening, Jan. 14, the prefects of the guilds were called up to the altar rails by the curate, who was conducting the ceremonies, and a declaration was read out to them pledging them to use their influence against the spread of secret societies in the district. The incident gave rise to a considerable amount of comment, as it is claimed that secret societies are unknown in Kildare.

Mr. P. O'Connor, of Queen street, Dublin, one of the best known auctioneers of that city, died at the residence of his daughter, Riverdale House, Stillorgan, Jan. 14. He had been in business for over forty years. Mr. O'Connor had reached the advanced age of 72 years, and was highly esteemed by a large circle of relatives and friends.

A preliminary meeting was held in Wexford on Jan. 13, to make arrangements for the starting of a new National (Parnellite) newspaper for that county. The new journal will probably be named the *Wexford News*. It was the unanimous wish of the meeting that Messrs. Robert O'Leary, T. C., Enniscorthy; William Graham, chairman town commissioners, Gorey; Martin O'Neill, Ferns; Nicholas J. Cosgrave, Wexford; and P. Cleary, New Ross, should act as directors.

Sunday, Jan. 14, the Very Rev. Dr. White, the esteemed parish priest of Nenagh, was installed as Dean of Killaloe in the Catholic church, Ennis. He was installed by the Most Rev. Dr. McRedmond, bishop of the diocese.

At the usual weekly meeting of the Gaelic League, Dublin, on Jan. 5, Mr. J. MacNeill gave an account of a movement set on foot in 1835 by Mr. Philip F. Barron, of Waterford, to improve the position of the Irish language. A discussion on the movement in general followed, in which Messrs. T. O'Neill Russell, David Fagan, Michael Cusack, and others took part. Thomas Meehan said that during the holidays he had visited Galway City, and he found there evidence of the greatest earnestness and enthusiasm in behalf of the movement. Excellent night classes for teaching Irish have been established, and are largely attended. He spoke of the arrangements for the coming meeting in Galway under the auspices of the league, and promised that the gentlemen delegated from the league would meet with a cheering reception in Galway.

According to recently published statistics it appears that under the Ashbourne acts up to November last 29,335 loans had been applied for the purchase of holdings. The loans sanctioned up to the same period were £25,375, amounting to £9,852,004. The number of loans applied for under Balfour's Purchase act, 1891, to November last, was 4,431, amounting to £1,487,922. Of these 3,026 loans were sanctioned to the amount of £1,063,494.

The following "celestial phenomenon" story is from the Dundalk *Democrat* of Jan. 20: "On Sunday evening about 5:30 o'clock a phenomenon was observed in the village of Tullyhogue, county Tyrone. A large globe of fire appeared in the southwestern sky a few degrees above the horizon, and after blazing with extraordinary vividness for a few seconds, burst into streams of blue, pink, and maroon lights. The sky was very clear at the time, and the flashes were of great brilliancy, the effect on the eyes being very dazzling. No sound from the apparent explosion was audible.

Mr. Coffey, stationmaster at Thurles for the last thirteen years, has been transferred to Mallow. He will be presented with a testimonial by representative citizens of Thurles.

Considerable laughter was occasioned at the Kilrush quarter sessions by the judicial opionion of Judge Kelly on the fashions of the present day. It appears that Mrs. O'Connor, a milliner in Kilrush, had an action against a pensioner named Madigan, residing near Kilrush, for goods supplied to his daughter, who had left for America. Judge Kelly gave a decree for the milliner, making use of the following language: "Women are the ruin of the country. Nothing pleases women now-a-days but those extraordinary fashions, comprising parasols, corsets, petticoats, feathers, and all this ludicrous headgear, which brought ruin on their parents and husbands. There was this girl, the daughter of a pensioner with tenpence a day, procuring parasols, corsets, and feathers from this milliner. Those fashions and the styles of the present day were truly monstrous, and did not add to their elegance or grace, and I would tell them that the women who a generation ago wore the Galway petticoat, shawl, and bonnet looked far more handsome and graceful. These fashions of the present day were a ruin to the country."

Recently the local government board for England issued an order reducing the rating qualifications for the office of poor law guardians to £5. The Irish local government board, of which Mr. Morley is president, has, at his suggestion, prepared an order fixing the rating qualification of guardians in Ireland at from £6 in some unions to £12 in others. Mr. Sexton asked that the qualifications be fixed the same in both countries, but, of course, got snubbed for his pains.

On Sunday morning, Jan. 14, says the Dublin *Evening Telegraph*, the remains of Mr. William Chapman, an honored member of the Dublin Typographical Society, were laid to rest in Glasnevin cemetery. The news of his death came with startling suddenness on his coworkers and friends, for he was but a few days sick, and he appeared in his usual health and spirits at a recent meeting of one of the societies to which he belonged, and took an active part in its proceedings. The death of the deceased severs a connecting link between the members of his trade of a past century and of our day. He was a member of the *Independent* staff at the time of his death.

For the twelve months ended Dec. 30 the exports of cattle and sheep from Dublin were the largest on record for many years—in fact sheep score the biggest number by thousands ever before shipped. Swine and horses show a less favorable return than for the previous four years. Following are the figures:

	Cattle.	Sheep.	Swine.	Horses
1893...	273,479	511,340	188,095	9,260
1892...	221,626	500,166	198,140	9,931
1891...	228,299	376,475	192,876	10,267
1890...	227,789	275,869	255,512	11,252

"The Book of the Fair."

It is a question worthy of some consideration as to the best form in which to reproduce and preserve such features of the World's Fair buildings and exhibits as are best worth preserving. To gather, shelter and properly display in so great profusion the results of the achievements of civilization, at a cost of fifty or sixty millions of dollars, only in a brief period, when the buildings are taken down and the exhibits removed, to lose it all, to have preserved no proper representation or description of the brilliant though fleeting spectacle, would be a serious mistake. Obviously, there is but one way in which this can be done, and that is in the form of a book, print and pictures in about equal parts, neither so large as to be cumbersome, and yet large enough to do the subject full justice. Such is the plan of "The Book of the Fair," to be issued in twenty-five parts of forty imperial folio pages each, by the Bancroft Company, Auditorium building, Chicago. The most thorough and elaborate preparations were made by these publishers to produce what should be in the highest and best sense a work of art and of utility, a book which should be at once beautiful and useful. The best processes were adopted and the best artists secured to illustrate the text, which is by Hubert Howe Bancroft. We have here, then, the history and description of the entire Exposition by an author of known character and repute, aided and adorned by the most beautiful pictures that can be produced. It is safe to say that in no other form could the great Exposition be so well presented and preserved.

Sam T. Jack's Opera House.

The eighth and concluding week of burlesque as presented by Manager Sam T. Jack's own organizations will come to an end Feb. 3 with the last performance of the burlesque extravaganza "The High Card Oh." Next Sunday afternoon the celebrated Rentz-Santley Company will take possession of the stage at Sam T. Jack's Opera House for a brief engagement. This company is a favorite organization with patrons of this resort, and is said to be better and more attractive this year than ever before. Many new and important engagements have been made, and an entirely new first part and burlesque will be given. The company will be numerically strong, its membership including some of the brightest stars in the burlesque and variety firmament. Elaborate stage settings, attractive scenery and fetching costumes have always been a distinctive feature of the Rentz-Santly productions and the present engagement will prove no exception to the well established rule.

POE'S POETRY.

How the Poet Constructed His Great Poem "The Bells."

The following is told by Ben Wood Davis about the construction of Poe's great poem:

"The 'philosophy of composition' is an ingenious explanation of a successful poem, but in my opinion is little more. After a player has won a game of chess it is comparatively easy to retrace his moves and account for his victory.'

"I said this to a literary friend, who replied, 'I cannot agree with you. Poe, it is well known, took the nicest care in the construction of his poetry. My grandfather knew him very well, and received from him the original poem on which 'The Bells' was founded. In course of time this manuscript came into the possession of my father, and afterwards to me. When I return to Cincinnati I will show you the literary curiosity and let you decide for yourself.'

"About a month afterwards I received a message from my friend inviting me to dine with him, and there he handed me some sheets of paper, yellow with age, and pasted together where they had been worn in the folding. The penmanship was small and neat, such as I had seen in fac-similes of the poet's handwriting, and, after considerable difficulty on account of the paleness of the ink and the wearing off of a great many words and letters, I deciphered the following:

THE RAIN.

Hear the patter of the rain—
Gentle rain—
What a world of (word undecipherable)
and music in its strain!
How it sprinkles, sprinkles, sprinkles,
(Line undecipherable)
How it tinkles, tinkles, tinkles,
Here and there, everywhere;
From the sky,
Arching high.
Angel hands are gently sprinkling
All the drops so gaily tinkling;
And the song birds chatter, chatter,
At the patter, patter, patter,
Of the rain, rain, rain—
While my heart is gaily leaping
And euphoniously keeping
With the strain
Of the rain—
Of the rain, rain, rain,
Rain, rain, rain,
With the sprinkling and the tinkling of the rain.
Hear the showers of the rain,
Sunny rain—
What a world of happiness and music in its strain!
How it showers
On the flowers,
And it dances and it glances,
And it daily seems to say
"Hence, away, away, away!"
Angels are there never-ending
Smiles within the sundrops sending,
And the dove
Coos her love
In the tree far above,
And she glows,
For she knows
Heaven through its tears is smiling,
All her griefs and fears beguiling;
And my heart is thrilled with pleasure
As I listen to the measure
Of the rain, rain, rain,
Rain, rain, rain—
To the dancing and the glancing of the rain.
Hear the roaring of the rain—
Thick, black rain—
What a tale of terror in its weird, fantastic strain!
How the light
With affright
Shrinks and hides itself at night!
And the startled beasts are prowling
And the (word undecipherable) are howling
With their pain, pain, pain,
From the cruel, cruel rain!
And they who now are pouring,
And they who now are roaring,
They are devils in mad revels
And their fiendish bosoms strain
With the roaring of the rain—
Of the rain, rain, rain—
With the pouring of the rain;
And their king it is who pours,
And he roars, roars, roars,
With the strain
Of the rain;
And my heart distinctly knows
How the danger ebbs and flows,
By the ceasing
Or increasing
In the anger of the rain,
By the sobbing
And the throbbing
Of the rain, rain, rain,
And my heart is wildly leaping
And fantastically keeping
With the strain
Of the rain,
Of the rain, rain, rain,
Rain, rain, rain—
With the roaring and the pouring of the rain!

"It is curious to compare this with 'The Bells,' and to note that while the improvement in the change of theme and language is unquestionable, the form and treatment are essentially the same. It is said that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Perhaps it is even truer that there is but one step between mere talent and genius, and it is only genius that knows how to take that step."

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DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the co-partnership heretofore existing between Adolph Schwerin, Leopold Pincoffs and John Silha (said firm being engaged in the business of manufacturing clothing) is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Leopold Pincoffs succeeding to said business, and to whom all accounts due said firm should be paid, and who assumes all indebtedness. John Silha and Adolph Schwerin withdrawing from said firm.

(Signed) ADOLPH SCHWERIN,
LEOPOLD PINCOFFS,
JOHN SILHA.

Chicago, December 23 A. D. 1893.

JAMES McENERNY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1108 UNITY BUILDING.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. January Term A. D. 1894. Cora Wilson vs. Samuel M. Wilson. In Chancery. No. 155,479.

Notice is hereby given to the said Samuel M. Wilson that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of January A. D. 1894, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

STEPHEN D GRIFFIN, Clerk.
James McEnerny, Complainant's Solicitor.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

ESTATE OF JOHN MASTERS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John Masters, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A.D. 1894, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, January 25, 1894.

MARY MASTERS,
Administratrix of said estate.

David Sullivan, Attorney.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss.—Probate Court of Cook County. Mary Hughes, administratrix of the estate of John W. Hughes, deceased, vs Margaret Hughes, James Hughes, John Thomas Hughes, William Hughes, Katie Hughes, and George Hughes, Nellie Hughes, Alice Hughes, and Stella Hughes, minors, and Frederick J. Schrier, Willoughby S. Lockwood, William J. Strickland and The Free Home Building Loan and Homestead Association, a corporation, etc.

(Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.)

Public notice is hereby given that by virtue of a decretal order made and entered of record in the above entitled cause by the Probate Court of Cook County, in the State of Illinois, on the 24th day of January, A. D. 1894, the undersigned Mary Hughes, administratrix of said estate, will sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder, for cash, on Thursday, the first (1st) day of March, A. D. 1894, at the hour of eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the judicial salesroom of the Chicago Real Estate Board, 59 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, all the right, title and interest which was of the said John W. Hughes, deceased, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate, situated in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, to-wit: Lot two hundred and eighty-seven (287) in Fowler's re-subdivision of part of the Southside Homestead Association addition, in section nine (9), township thirty-eight (38) north, range fourteen (14), east of the third (3d) principal meridian, to pay the debts of said estate, and costs of administration of said estate, accrued and to accrue. Said real estate will be sold subject to a mortgage, dated August 23, 1892, given by said John W. Hughes and Margaret Hughes his wife, to the Free Home Building Loan and Homestead Association, to secure the note of said John W. Hughes, of even date with said mortgage, for the sum of $2,500.00; subject also to the dower rights therein of Margaret Hughes, widow of said John W. Hughes, deceased.

No deed will be delivered until the report of sale is confirmed by said Probate Court.

Dated Chicago, January 25, 1894.

MARY HUGHES,
Administratrix of the Estate of John W. Hughes, deceased.

David Sullivan, Attorney.

WANTED AN ENERGETIC CATHOLIC man of business discretion and steady habits. Must travel short distances in section in which he resides. Apply, with references, to BENZIGER BROTHERS, 36 & 38 Barclay St., New York.

TO A WITHERED ROSE.

Thy span of life was all too short—
A week or two at best—
From budding time, through blossoming,
To withering and rest.

Yet compensation have thou—aye,
For all thy little years—
For was it not thy happy lot
To live and die 'mid tears?

—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

PARSON TOM.

Saddle Hoss Pete's record in the mining camps of the San Juan district was as unsavory as his crouching form was unsightly and his hoarse voice disagreeable. He was a short, thick built man—if man he really was, for he had more the appearance of a boy—who shuffled about and leered at you with a devilish grin which made you feel uneasy in his presence.

His brain was quick, though his physical movements were slow, and he was strong as a beast. His record was that of tin horn gambler and all round thief. Added to this he bore the reputation of having been run out of Leadville for horse stealing, and having escaped from Tombstone's ready made justice, charged with a like offense. Thus he came to the mining camp lying in a pretty basin under the shadow of old King Solomon, one of the grandest mountains of southern Colorado.

Nine-tenths of the population had departed before the first storm had come, as was the custom in new camps in the early days before the railroads had broadened the trails and opened the passes through the Rocky mountains. Only about 100 men and women remained in camp that winter, and they had little else to do than amuse themselves. They were law abiding and had little use for peace officers. So the town and county officials took their usual vacation with others who did not feel like facing the rigid winter which was predicted.

Saddle Hoss Pete did not go out with the majority. In fact, Pete seldom acted with the majority. He usually formed a minority—of one. But he was not disappointed at their leaving him. He thought he would be able to stand it for one season. But Paymaster Bill and Big Frank, who seemed to be looked upon as guardians of the affairs of the camp, plainly told him that he must get out—that the penalty of his return would be sudden death. So Saddle Hoss Pete departed before the second storm had come—whither nobody knew.

Parson Tom had come to the camp in the previous spring and had made a good impression on his own kind of people, though the present remaining population knew little of him and did not care whether he remained or not. None of them were churchgoing people. But as the parson said he had no idea of preaching nobody objected to his staying in camp. He gave as a reason for staying that in case of death his services would be needed. Beyond that he would not intrude his offices.

The extreme length of the winter had led Paymaster Bill to inquire into the parson's finances, and learning that there was a probability of his running short before his parishioners should return Bill proposed to the men in the camp that a purse be raised.

His suggestion was acted upon, and Paymaster Bill himself presented the hatful of money, accompanying the presentation with an appropriate extempore speech, in which he advised Parson Tom of the appreciation of the donors.

Parson Tom declared he could not accept the money unless he should have an opportunity to earn it.

"But we don't none of us want ter die," objected Bill, "jist ter give ye a chance ter earn the money. We'd ruther pay ye ter pray fer our continued good health, jist as we drinks ter your good health w'en we makes up that purse."

Parson Tom laughed and said he had no desire for the demise of any one, but merely wanted to give them some return for the money.

That night Parson Tom appeared in Big Frank's saloon, where the entire male population was endeavoring to break the bank, having cleaned up the corner saloon early in the evening.

The appearance of the parson created a flutter, and one or two superstitious players lost every bet they made for the balance of the deal. When the end of the deal had been reached, the parson asked their attention for a few minutes, and mounting the platform which held the lookout chair he thanked them kindly for their generous donation and said if they would come to the little schoolhouse on Sunday evening for a half hour he would endeavor to entertain them without preaching a sermon. He declared that he could not accept their money without earning it.

The invitation was accepted, and the parson was asked to have a cigar, which he lighted, while the crowd drank "to the health of Parson Tom." He bowed his acknowledgments without further interruption of the game.

Upon entering his cabin, Parson Tom stirred the fire, thinking of his visit, and after sitting by its warmth till he had thawed himself he went to his trunk, which held his treasure, to look at the little hoard of gold and silver which these rough men of the mountains had so kindly donated.

It was not there! Perhaps in his excitement at his good fortune he had hidden it from himself and forgotten the hiding place. But, no, it was not in the cabin!

The parson was troubled. He could not believe that any of the men who had been so kind to him would be guilty of robbery. And yet the money was gone. The long buckskin bag in which he kept his money and which bore his name worked in silken thread he found behind the trunk.

When he met Paymaster Bill on the following morning, he mentioned his loss. Bill was astonished. He did not believe that any man in the camp was mean enough to steal, "at any rate, not a parson's money."

The story of the loss of Parson Tom's money was told about the camp, and while it was a mystery to some the more irreverent smiled and said they guessed the parson was excited and that it would turn up all right in time.

On Sunday the sun shone out bright and clear, and old King Solomon was as glorious a sight as one might wish to see. His Biblical namesake in all his reputed glory could not have furnished a grander inspiration. But Parson Tom had promised not to preach. Besides, he was not quite sure that the incredulity concerning the loss of his money had entirely disappeared. So he must be careful what he should say to them that night.

Every male person was promptly on hand that night at the little schoolhouse, and there was a sprinkle of the other sex—women who had not listened to a preacher's voice since they were little girls.

The half hour was devoted to reading stories which were responded to by hearty laughter and a few pathetic exclamations.

When Parson Tom had finished and was about to say good night, Paymaster Bill arose and reminded his companions that on the night the parson had called on them it had been proposed that a fund be started toward building a church. Then he added:

"I don't reckon none of ye has got a notion o' backin down on thet ther' propersition. Ef ye has, let's hear it."

There was not a dissenting voice, though the amount of gold and silver dropped in the parson's pretty buckskin bag was not so large as it might have been had the parson not "lost his first winnin."

The moon had dropped down behind the peak of King Solomon, leaving the camp in darkness, while soft snow fell with that steady monotony which indicates a heavier fall to come.

Parson Tom had just opened the door of his cabin to step in when a heavy hand was laid upon his throat and a hoarse voice demanded:

"Give me that money! Quick!"

The parson was by no means a coward. He struggled with his assailant, and together they fell into the cabin and rolled out into the light cover of fresh snow which had fallen on the frozen crust. Muttered curses and a tighter grip upon his throat met his resistance.

"D—n this snow; if this job could have been done an hour earlier, I'd 'a' bin all right," muttered the voice as the form moved away in the darkness.

That was the last the parson heard. The light snow fell straight from the sky. There was no wind to disturb its course, and the soft, fine flakes were hardly plentiful enough to furnish a bed for footprints.

Parson Tom knew not how long he had lain there, and despite the warmer temperature he was numb with cold when he crawled into his cabin. He was so completely overcome by the struggle with his assailant and the cold that he lay upon his bed in a stupor far into the night.

When he arose, the snow was falling in great sheets like drifts from the gulch above. He opened the door and looked out. He could see nothing but the blinding storm and the darkness, which was scarcely subdued by the ghastly whiteness of the snow. He dared not venture out. No man could live an hour in that terrible storm.

Rebuilding the fire, the parson sat down and tried to think—tried to think where he had heard that voice before it demanded his money. If he could only recall that, he would be able to identify the man who had robbed him. Without that recollection his claim that he had been robbed the second time would be only laughed at by the men who had been so generous in their gifts.

But it was impossible to recall it, though he knew he had heard it and remarked its peculiar tone. And there he sat through the long, black night, hoping against hope.

It was broad noonday when he awoke, sitting by the dying embers on the hearth. The sun shone brighter than it had shone for weeks. Its hot rays melted the snow on the roofs of the houses, and the day was like a day in spring. But it brought no joy to the heart of Parson Tom.

The habitues of Big Frank's saloon had hardly settled themselves down to the pleasures or pastimes of the day—their morning hour being the noontime—when they were startled by the ghostlike appearance of Parson Tom. In a trembling voice he told his story.

"He plays it well," sneered Big Frank. "That's a purty good makeup be've got on yer face. Ye'd oughter ye a performer. There'll be a chance fer ye when the variety show opens up in ther spring."

This speech was greeted with laughter by the crowd, and the poor parson was dumb—but not deaf—with mortification. How could he face these men who disbelieved his very first utterance? He turned to go.

"Hold on ther'!" cried Paymaster Bill. "This is twicet yer say yer bin robbed in this camp. Both times it was our money as ye was robbed of—money 'at we give ye. Now ye've got ter prove it. fer we don't 'low no man to accuse none o' us o' robbin him the second time 'thout he produces ther proof."

"Ther proofs w'at we wants!" shouted the crowd.

Parson Tom stood as still as death. He could not speak.

"An ther's another thing ye've got ter prove," continued Bill as he saw the parson would not reply. "Ye've got ter prove thet ye didn't rob some other parties besides yerself. More'n one cabin was burglarized last night, an ef ye ain't ther burglar then—prove it!"

But Parson Tom could utter no sound, save a groan of anguish. Could he but recall that voice! But, no! His memory failed.

There he stood as dumb as though he had been born without speech, while Paymaster Bill demanded that he prove his innocence, and the crowd, led on by Big Frank, sneered at and reviled the accused.

During this trying ordeal for the parson, three men, selected by Big Frank, had gone to the parson's cabin, and there, upon the floor, had found a nugget of gold belonging to Big Frank.

This they brought and flouted in the face of the trembling victim. Well he knew how it had come there, but it was idle to assert or protest. His words—if he could have spoken—would have been to these infuriated men like the screech of a wild bird borne on the wind in a howling storm.

"Ye hev no proof o' yer innicence," said Paymaster Bill hotly, "an we hev this proof o' yer guilt. W'at d'ye say now?"

Parson Tom saw that all hope was lost, but with dying hope his speech returned, and he said with much evident effort:

"Gentlemen, I see no hope of establishing my innocence, but still maintain it. That nugget of gold must have been dropped by the robber in our struggle in the cabin. If I could recall the voice, I should convince you. It was none of you who did the deed, but one who has once lived here among you, though I cannot tell his name. He cannot live far away—perhaps at one of the idle mines or in some deserted tunnel. He went toward the gulch, for had he come this way he would have had to cross my body as I lay there in the snow. That is all I have to say. Do with me as you must."

It was useless to search the gulch—the heavy snow would not permit. And then these angry men had no doubt of the guilt of the parson. Only the production of the man he claimed had robbed him would destroy their belief in his guilt. The crowd grew angrier as the minutes passed.

"The parson has lied," coolly remarked Big Frank, whose faith in the preacher sort had never been strong.

"He's an ungrateful robber," Paymaster Bill added.

"Hang him!" yelled a man in the crowd.

The excitement increased like the roar of the wind through the gulches in the coming of a storm. A minute more and the infuriated mob, in the absence of a court, had tried, convicted and sentenced the accused was eager to execute the sentence of death.

Like wild men they flew to the upper end of the camp, dragging the parson with them. Convinced of his guilt and maddened by thoughts of his ingratitude, no hand could stay them.

Quickly the preparations for the execution were made. Two barrels, each of which supported an end of a broad plank, placed under the stout limb of a great tree, formed the scaffold. One end of the rope was fastened to the limb, the other formed into a noose and placed over the head and around the neck of the trembling parson.

"Air ye ready?" cried the leader of the mob to the two men who were stationed at the ends of the plank ready to lift it out from under the feet of the doomed man.

"Give him one more chance to tell who robbed him," demanded Paymaster Bill.

Standing there upon that plank, with the death rope around his neck, Parson Tom's memory returned. The ugly face of his assailant, which he could not see the night before in the darkness, was now plainly visible, and the crouched form of the robber appeared as plain as on the day he had sneaked out of camp at the command of these same men.

The crowd waited almost breathlessly.

"Quick!" shouted Big Frank, who was leader.

"Saddle — Horse — Pete!" almost shouted the parson.

The crowd broke out in jeers.

"Oh, no!" they said; "that can't be. He was drove out, an he's not likely to show his head anywheres roun this camp. That won't do. Guess ag'in."

"Once ag'in. Air ye ready?" shouted Big Frank.

"Yes," came the calm but determined voices of the two men at the ends of the plank.

"Give him time ter pray," begged an unwilling participant.

"Pray, then!" shouted the leader.

Parson Tom stood erect, with bowed head. Slowly and with firmness he lifted his voice. Suddenly he faltered, turning his face toward the mountain.

Hark! Look! The excited group of men stood there riveted to the ground. The hands of those who held the plank were frozen as if in death's clutch. The tongue of him whose word was law was paralyzed. The sound which filled their ears carried more terror to their souls than the awful roar of battle, the rushing of the mighty waters in a storm at sea and the rumbling of an earthquake, all combined, could have inspired.

On, on it came, tearing from their roots great trees that had withstood the storms of generations; hurling heavy branches, logs, timbers and rocks a hundred feet above the heads of the frightened witnesses. Great clouds of snow filled the air and hid from view the surrounding mountains.

Not a man in that group, all huddled together like so many frightened animals, but comprehended the situation in an instant.

These men, who were brave enough of heart to have fought with the inspiration of patriotism on the field of battle, or faced with fearless courage the ocean's wrath, or listened without the faintest dread to the earthquake's fearful rumblings, stood trembling like little children in the face of a snowslide!

Swift as a meteor it came, and like the bursting of a thunderbolt had spent its wrath, and its dreadful harvest lay scattered far and wide, like dead and wounded soldiers on a battlefield.

And when the sky had cleared there lay, at the feet of them who held a life within their grasp, a dead and frozen human form. Tight against the breast the clutched and stiffened fingers of the dead held the buckskin bag of money—the evidence of Parson Tom's innocence! The crowd fell back aghast.

It was Saddle Hoss Pete!—Lewis H. Eddy in San Francisco Argonaut.

TO IDENTIFY THEM.

THE FRENCH SYSTEM OF MAKING SURE OF CRIMINALS.

Dr. Bertillon on His Anthropometrical Method Based on Anatomical Science. Would Enable the Police of All Countries to Hunt Down Malefactors.

Dr. Alphonse Bertillon, the author of the French system for the identification of criminals, writes as follows in regard to the best means for making it of general use by the police of the large capitals of Europe:

"The growing ease and rapidity of communication between the great cities of Europe have so lessened distances that the intercourse between the police of the various countries daily becomes more frequent. London, for example, may now be said to extend as far as Paris, and Brussels is practically a suburb of the French capital. In the midst of these daily exchanges of good services where is the officer who has not longed for the creation of an international descriptive—or distinctive mark, signaleltiques—method and language?

"In the other branches of human activity, especially in electricity, congresses have, in proportion to the necessity, supplied this want of a universal understanding. It is thus that the electrical units—watt, ampere, volt, etc.—have been created and unanimously adopted. Why should not the police of civilized—or policed, for it is all one—countries do as much for the description and notation of the different shapes of forehead, nose, color of the eye, etc.?

"There exist under the name of hippology whole treatises filled with words of English origin for the description of the coat and the points of the horse. For the description of the human being all seems left to chance. Nothing was attempted in this direction until the appointment by Mr. Asquith of the commission for comparing the different methods of identification and description.

"This commission found at Paris, by the side of a system of measurement which has borne some little testimony everywhere, a very carefully considered method of describing the human body, and the face in particular. There is in this neither invention nor personal proprietorship. My intervention has consisted in transporting and adapting to the wants of the police the procedures of description in use in anatomical sciences, and particularly in anthropology.

"Anthropometry, properly so called, is only a part of that whole knowledge necessary in tracking criminals, and 'its sole aim is to supply a basis of classification.' One is able by means of the metrical information supplied by it to classify several hundrd thousand individual notifications. But let me hasten to say that these notifications should themselves always be accompanied by an abstract of particular marks found upon the person examined, and it is this last document much more than the agreement of measurements which is appealed to to give judicial certainty to an ulterior identification.

"At Paris photographs of the person in profile and full face are added, which by themselves also afford the certainty of identification. Thus the elements of certainty are not wanting. A photograph or impression of the ear would alone suffice to establish an identity. It is, as a matter of fact, impossible among 100,000 individuals to find two ears exactly alike—except in the case of twin brothers.

"The great advantage of adding to the anthropometrical notification a complete descriptive photograph of a person is that the police are provided with a document which, in case of a fresh offense, of escape, etc., can be looked to to render the greatest possible assistance.

"It may be well to add to these elements of information, clearly independent of one another—measurement, particular marks and profile photograph—which, together, 10 years' experience has shown to be absolutely infallible—a fourth element, 'finger tip impressions' (l'impression des filigrammes du pouce). It goes without saying that I see no major difficulty in it. But I am afraid that the exercise of the process may at first sight appear much more simple than it really is. In the first place, let me repeat that the finger tip process neither does away with nor replaces in any way judicial anthropometry, for these delineations are so diversified that they do not offer an adequate element of classification—that is a point which no one disputes. Therefore the finger tip process should be considered as affording supplementary information only, capable at the most of replacing photography.

"Moreover, does not Mr. F. Galton himself say that the examination of these impressions can be properly made only by means of photographic enlargements? Then why not photograph the man himself whose measurements have just been taken?

"I must own, however, that up to the present I have always postponed the full trial of the finger tip process on account of the unpleasantness of sending all my subjects before the court with their fingers more or less blackened, for everybody knows how viscous printing ink is and how difficult to get off. Nevertheless I have quite determined, if the process should become customary in England, to petition the minister of the interior and the prefect of police for the requisite authority to add it to the anthropometric description—so great is the importance that I attach to international uniformity in police communications."—New York Herald.

The Knife Was All Right.

Dumley (who had been asked to carve the duck and is meeting with poor success)—Whew!

Landlady—Isn't the knife sharp, Mr. Dumley? I had it ground today.

Dumley—The knife is all right, Mrs. Henricks. You ought to have had the duck ground.—London Tit-Bits.

The Real David Crockett.

Mrs. Ibbie Gordon of Clarksville, Tex., who was born in 1805, was once introduced to David Crockett. Describing the incident, she says: "It was in the winter of 1834, not long after Crockett had been defeated for congress in Tennessee. We heard that Crockett had crossed Red river, and fearing that he might not come through Clarksville, but keep on the old Trammell trail, we intended to meet him. Jane Latimer, then a girl of 18, rode behind me, and Betsy Latimer followed on a pony. We overtook Crockett and his party at the house of Edward Deen, about four miles from Clarksville. It was early in the morning, and when Mrs. Deen saw us she said, 'Mrs. Clark, what in the name of God brings you here at this time of the day?' 'My horse brought me,' I answered, and then I told her I wanted some breakfast. We went into the house, and a friend, who had known Crockett in Tennessee, introduced us. Crockett was dressed like a gentleman and not as a backwoodsman. He did not wear a coonskin cap. It has always disgusted me to read these accounts of Crockett that characterize him as an ignorant backwoodsman. Neither in dress, conversation nor bearing could he have created the impression that he was ignorant or uncouth. He was a man of wide practical information and was dignified and entertaining. His language was about as good as any we hear nowadays."—Galveston News.

Artificial Purification of Water.

A notable example is furnished by the city of Berlin, in the interests of public health, in its treatment of water by artificial purification, the present system being, as stated, the result of extensive experiments for 15 years past. It seems that the attempt was first made to establish a plan of natural filtration by digging deep wells near the river and lakes from which water was obtained, and allowing the water to drain through the soil from the source of supply to the wells, from which it was then pumped to the city reservoirs, but this plan was abandoned on the fact being demonstrated that the water thus supplied remained impure. Artificial filtration was consequently substituted, the water being filtered through sand, a large number of filter basins meeting this requirement. They are covered by roofs of stone, earth and sod, in order to prevent atmospheric contamination and the formation of ice in cold weather as well as to facilitate the frequent removals of those impurities which gather upon the surface of the sand. The careful examinations of the water constantly made by official experts show that, while there is a small reduction in the quantity of organic matter in the filtered water, the important fact also appears that there is a retention of solid impurities and of a large percentage of bacteria.—New York Tribune.

A Troublesome Word.

How much better it would be if the past tense of the verb read could be changed to red. The verb read would then form the past tense (red) analogously with the verb lead, and that tense, as in the case of led, would then be spelled as it is pronounced, red. When a person is reading aloud and comes to the word read, he is often unable to tell whether it should be pronounced reed or red and after mispronouncing it read when it should be pronounced red, or vice versa, he is obliged, after getting into the midst of a sentence, to go back and set himself right. Take, for example, the following sentence, and nobody can tell, when he reaches the word read, whether it is to be pronounced reed or red: "Those who read Sir Walter Scott's novel of 'Edward Waverley' when it first appeared did not know by whom it was written." In this example read is to be pronounced red, but nobody would know this till reaching a subsequent part of the sentence, and the reader is just as apt to mispronounce it reed as to give it the correct pronunciation of red. In the sentence given as an example the reader learns soon after passing the word read how it should be pronounced, but in many cases one has to proceed quite a distance after reaching the word before the context shows how it should be pronounced.—Boston Transcript.

Tungsten.

The fact is well known that a mixture of tungsten with steel imparts to the latter so great a degree of hardness that it readily scratches glass and quartz. Recent investigations have thrown light upon this somewhat remarkable phenomenon—that is, a definitely crystallized compound of iron and tungsten is announced as having lately been discovered, the crystals being so hard as to be capable of scratching topaz. Tungsten is a brittle white metal, almost as heavy as gold, and the crystals formed by its combination with iron, in the proportion of one atom of iron to two of tungsten, are silver gray and very brilliant. The conclusion arrived at by experts in this line is that, on tungsten being alloyed with steel, some of the compound just described is formed in the mass, thereby producing the remarkable increase in the hardness of steel and adding to its usefulness.—New York Sun.

Explosives That Must Be Shocked.

Some explosives, such as dynamite, nitroglycerol, gun cotton, picric acid and the new German military powder, when simply heated, burn quietly if freely exposed, or, if confined, explode only at the spot where heat is applied, without the whole mass taking part in the explosion. According to H. Blitz, this is probably because they are bad conductors of their own explosive wave. If, however, the same substances are subjected to a violent shock by the explosion in their midst of initial charges of mercury fulminate, the shock apparently affects all the molecules of the explosive at once, and the whole mass of the latter explodes with a violence that is enormous and destructive.—Journal of Commerce.

A MOMENT OF SUPREME PERIL.

How Courage and Presence of Mind Saved Hundreds of Lives.

There are still persons living in London who can recall the magnificent Chinese museum collected by Mr. Nathan Dunn, a munificent merchant of Philadelphia and Hong-Kong, which was first located in Philadelphia, and then brought to London in the early years of the queen's reign. It was intended as a donation to the public, but was unfortunately burned. The building first erected—now the site of the Philadelphia Continental hotel—for this display of the treasures of the then sealed kingdom had an upper room which was about 35 feet high and very long and narrow. In the center part of this immense auditorium were collected one evening about 3,000 persons. At near 9 o'clock the manager of the building came to the leader of the meeting, white with affright, and told him that the floor had sunk nearly a foot, and that in a few minutes more the tennents of the joists might be out of their sockets. The floor would then fall through on to the Chinese museum, and the walls, 60 feet in height, would collapse and be precipitated, with the roof, upon the assembly.

This might have caused the death of those present—the foremost people in Philadelphia. The leader explained to the person whom the audience expected next to hear that by addressing the assembly from the end of the hall he could withdraw the company from the sunken part of the floor to that where the front walls strengthened the joists to bear the weight of the people. The reply to this was that his family was in the audience, and that he must get them out first.

"You shall not," said the leader; "a hint of danger—a rush—and we shall all be under the fallen walls and roof. Five minutes' delay may kill us altogether."

As a boy in the audience, I well remember my surprise at seeing the leader suddenly appear at the far front of the room and tell the people that they would next be addressed from where he stood—the organ loft. As the audience turned and moved to the front, the flooring rose six inches. The people were entertained, partly by an impromptu sentimental song in a voice without a quaver, in the very face of death, and as soon as practicable they were quietly dismissed. Not a single individual in that great assembly was aware that, by the presence of mind of one man, an awful catastrophe had been averted. Three thousand persons were saved from being buried under two side walls 60 feet high, pressed down by a heavy roof.

The imagination sickens at the thought of what would have been the consequence of a panic and sudden alarm by the failure of the courage of this man. All use of the room was of course suspended till it was effectually strengthened. So well was the secret kept that I only learned it long afterward. I am confident that, excepting the speaker referred to and the manager of the building, no one outside the immediate family of the man whose courage prevented this catastrophe has known the whole story till now. The terror of those minutes before the crowd was moved and the floor rose toward its level was such that he never, even in his own family, alluded to the scene, though he lived for 40 years afterward. I know not if the self possession of M. Dupuy, when the bomb exploded in the French assembly, was greater than this hitherto unknown act of heroism.—R. P. S. in London Spectator.

A Valuable Paperweight.

A student at Jefferson college owns a highly prized paperweight, inherited from his father, who was a student at Heidelberg university, which is said to have no counterpart except one owned by W. W. Astor, who was also a student there.

It is a limestone stalactite about a foot high, obtained from a cave near the upper Rhine, mounted on a pedestal of onyx and encircled with a narrow silver band, whose whorls, like that of a slender shaving, extend the whole distance at irregular intervals from base to summit.

These intervals mark the different stages of the stalactite's growth, scientifically calculated, and on the band, which was affixed by a learned Heidelberg professor, are engraved the various periods of time. First come the geological eras, when the whorls are widely separated. Then narrowing into the historic periods come the Babylonic and Egyptian, the Roman and renaissance or modern epochs. The first periods are marked by widths of varying inches, the latter by varying halves, quarters and eighths of an inch.—Philadelphia Record.

Standing Room Only.

I was intensely amazed and amused when in a cable car in New York one day to hear the conductor call, just before the car turned onto Fourteenth street, "Hold fast!" and the way standers made wild grasps for straps made one think perhaps the car was about to perform some sort of pas seul. But not at all! It merely slewed around the corner as our cars do every few minutes without the warning of any conductor, and not until it was humming well on its course up Broadway did people relax their holds and the fixed tension of their expression.—Cor. Boston Advertiser.

A Graduate.

He was suffering with a pain and slight swelling in his breast and visited the doctor for relief, who turned him over to the kid, one of the hospital assistants, with instructions to have the swollen parts painted. The kid dipped his brush into the iodine, and with a flourish drew a circle around the swollen part and proceeded to fill it in, when the patient remarked, "You are an expert at making a circle." "Yes," was the reply, "I was born and raised in a shooting gallery." The patient fainted.—Stillwater (Minn.) Prison Mirror.

WOMAN'S WITCHERY.

IT WAS POSSESSED BY NOTED CHARACTERS IN HISTORY.

The Paradox of Fascination Over Men Without the Slightest Traces of Beauty—The Age at Which Woman Reaches Her Fullest Powers.

What, asks Walter Besant, is woman's greatest charm? Sweet looks, sweet speech, sweet smiles, sweet voice, lovely eyes, a comely head, a graceful figure—all these are gifts and graces to be ardently desired. Yet there is one gift that surpasses all the rest. At the Royal academy in London there are the portraits of three women, Lady Hamilton, Mrs. Jordan and Sophie Arnould. The lovely Emma is a type of rustic beauty at its best—not refined—likely to become coarse. Mrs. Jordan shows, behind a charming face, intellect, wit, cleverness and a gentle heart. Sophie Arnould shows greater wit, greater cleverness and a heart not so gentle perhaps. On each of the faces there is in addition unmistakably the same quality, rare and wonderful. It is the quality for which there is no other word than witchery. These were all three witches, but instead of being burned at the stake they set fire to every masculine heart that approached them. And the noble procession of fair women—Delilah, Bathsheba, and her contemporary, Helen of Troy; Aspasia, Cleopatra, Diane de Poitiers; Mary, queen of Scots; Nell Gwynne—they were all witches, and they all possessed the wonderful, indescribable look which proclaims their mysterious power of fascination. Many there are who have this fairy's gift in a greater or less degree. Providentially few know their own power and are content to bewitch one man alone out of all the earth.

And what is the secret of this gift? It is certainly not faultless beauty, for it is a perfectly comprehensible paradox that as a rule the women who have been noted for the fascination of their beauty were not pretty women at all. Anne Boleyn had many plastic defects. The Duchess of Burgundy, who lit up in the old age of Louis XIV and the court of Versailles and neutralized the morose influence of Mme. de Maintenon, had a goitrous neck and decayed front teeth, yet she was proclaimed a beauty. Marguerite de Valois, with whom most of the prominent Frenchmen of her day were at some time or another desperately in love, had heavy cheeks, too prominent eyes and a thick, hanging under lip. The last Duchess de Berri would not have been allowed to so much as compete at a beauty show had she presented herself incognito. Sir Walter Scott, who was close to her at mass in the Tuileries chapel, wrote in his diary that she was plain, and that her eyes were not fellows.

At what age is this charm most subtle? Swift wrote with cruel candor of Stella's fading charms and sent her as a birthday gift a rhymed "Receipt to Restore Her Lost Youth" at a period that we should consider the prime of life. The caustic dean of St. Patrick's wondering

How angels look at thirty-six,

proves a sharp contrast to the more modern writer, George Lewes, who in his "Life of Goethe" speaks of 33 as the fascinating period in a woman's life, being that in which he considered her to have reached the full development of her powers of mind and body. And 33 was the age at which Frau von Stein proved dangerous to the heart of the poet who had survived the more youthful charms of a Gretchen, a Charlotte and a Lili. The line between jeune fille and vieille fille is, in the polite land of the French, drawn with a sharper and more merciless hand than in our own; yet it is the glory of that French life, with its clear and practical limitations and its adoration of youthful beauty, to have presented the finest flower of courtesy that the world has ever know to women who had lost the charms of early youth and ruled the minds and even the hearts of men by their wit and their wisdom, their vivacity and their grace. It is impossible to read the descriptions of salon life in Paris without realizing the immense power of such women as Mme. de Rambouillet, Mme. Deffand, who could tolerate anything but the commonplace; Mme. Necker, her brilliant daughter, Mme. de Stael, and her cherished friend, Mme. d'Houdetot, exercised in literary, social and political matters.

It is interesting to see how the age of the heroine of the modern novel differs from that of older writers. Out of 30 of Scott's heroines 16 are described as under 20, three are over 20, and only one, Amy Robsart, is a heroine "of an uncertain age," since she is historically a middle aged matron and fictitiously a youthful bride. But the conspicuous character of the modern novel is a woman, not a girl, who has lived and experienced much, and not infrequently is married before the story introduces her as its central figure.—New York Sun.

Wedded Bliss.

"There is no use in trying to deny it," said one young man to another. "Blimmins is badly married. I hate to say it, but it's so."

"How do you know?"

"By a talk I have just had with him."

"Does he complain?"

"No. That's the pathetic part of it. He was telling me how good natured and clever his wife is, because this morning she showed him how to fasten his suspenders with a harpin."—Kansas City Times.

Who Wants a Volcano?

According to an advertisement contained in The Danish Government Gazette, published in Copenhagen, two big volcanoes are for sale. They are situated in Iceland and are the principal attractions of the island. The owner asks for them the sum of $400 apiece—not an excessive charge for any one who may have use for them.

A BIT OF RAINMAKING.

An Effort In the Hebrides Islands That Was Brimful of Success.

Lieutenant Boyle T. Somerville of the English navy, who lived many years in the Hebrides islands, tells the following interesting tale regarding the work of a professional native rainmaker. Toward the end of the year, just after yam planting, there came an unusual period of drought, so that an inland tribe in the island of Ambrym went to its rainmaker and demanded his immediate attention thereto.

He at once set to work to weave a sort of hurdle of the branches and leaves of a tree famed for its rain producing qualities, which, being finished, was placed, with proper incantations, at the bottom of what should have been a water hole in the now parched bed of the mountain torrent. There it was then held in place with stones. Down came the rain; nor did it cease for 48 hours, by which time it had become too much of a good thing. Soon the rain producing hurdle was quite 10 feet under water in the seething torrent, and the people, much to their dismay, saw that their yams and the surrounding earth were beginning to wash away down the hillsides.

The lieutenant continues: "Now mark what comes of fooling with the elements! No man of the hill country was able to dive to the bottom of the water hole to pull up the hurdle with its weight of stones, so the merciless rain still held on. At last the shore natives, accustomed to swimming and diving, heard what the matter was, and some of them coming to the assistance the compeller of the elements was recovered from its watery bed and—the rain stopped!"

It is such a coincidence as this, happening perhaps once in a decade, which causes this people, now thoroughly Christianized, to refuse to give up their rain doctors, although all other outward forms of rank superstition appear to have been freely abandoned.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cracking of Trees.

The catalpa never shows the "sere and yellow leaf" in autumn like the sumac, hard maple, etc., for the reason that its leaves are caught in a green, unripened state by the first severe frosts. In one night their bright green is turned to a dingy black. This sudden check gorges the cambium layer and new wood of the stem with water. An excess of water swells the protoplasm of the cells to such an extent as to rupture the inelastic bark, and in trees where the cell structure of the wood is not ripe the crack will extend into the wood often with a noise like an explosion. This often occurs in the fall when it is not cold enough to stop plowing. Sometimes we have much loss in nursery in this way with varieties not fully ripe when the first frosts come. Sometimes indeed it injures very hardy varieties. In such cases the swelling of the protoplasm comes from the water absorbed at the ground surface when combined wet and cold come together in autumn. The cracking of cherries and pears comes from the same cause—that is, by absorbing water on wet days, causing an expansion of the protoplasm. With trees the best treatment is to cover the rupture with moist clay and then wrap to exclude the air as much as possible.—Iowa State Register.

The Crawfish and the Levees.

"Whenever I hear of a break in the levee down in my district, I know that nine chances to one crawfish have caused it. The assertion may sound slightly exaggerated, but it is a fact nevertheless that the troublesome little crawfish work more danger to the levees than does the water. On a big rise, when the bed of the river is stretched from embankment to embankment, the crawfish burrow into the levees and live there in the moist earth. They multiply faster than maggots and loosen up the earth worse than moles.

"The levee may be completely sodded with grass and you see no external evidence of the damage going on within, but when the next big rise comes you will see it. I have frequently known the water to break through the levee two or three feet from the top, and you can attribute it to nothing but the destructive work of crawfish. This was particularly true of the break at Offut's in 1889, when a portion of the town of Greenville was submerged. The builder of the levee in the future will have to take into account the crawfish as one of his most stubborn foes."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Swearing.

It may be said without exaggeration that swearing forms an important factor in the masculine vocabulary of nearly every civilized nation. Great writers like Shakespeare know this. A collection of Shakespearean oaths and epithets with their etymology would fill a volume. Shakespeare realized that they were inseparable from a faithful portrayal of virile human character; that no truthful picture of common life would be possible without the use of that strong vehement language in which men express their emotions. But conventionality forbids to nineteenth century writers what the Elizabethan age not only tolerated, but approved.—Philadelphia Press.

Whistling on Shipboard.

If you want to see a disgusted man, just whistle on shipboard before a sailor. You never knew a sailor to whistle. He will tell you all about "whistling down the wind," but he could not get up a pucker to save his ship. You remember that old story about a sea captain who refused to take aboard a woman who whistled, and knowing the old superstition feared that with her on board he would be sure of shipwreck. I do not know how it is with the captains of vessels now, for almost every woman seems to know how to whistle and keeps up the fashion.—Detroit Free Press.

Disinfection After Disease.

The disinfection of houses after the occurrence of infectious disease is often a matter of great trouble and inconvenience as well as a serious expense, and anything which tends to lessen these deserves our consideration. Under present conditions the room itself has to be fumigated with sulphurous acid vapor, the floors and woodwork have to be washed with some disinfecting solution, the walls have to be washed down and repapered, and the bedding has to be sent to some special disinfector or chemical purifier. By the use, however, of formalin—which is really a 40 per cent solution of formaldehyde in water—in the form both of vapor and spray, the bedding, furniture and walls can be thoroughly disinfected and rendered perfectly innocuous. The colors of papers, silks, satins, plushes, etc., are quite unaffected both by the vapor and the spray, and this adds very materially to its value, while the effect is said to be stronger than that of carbolic acid, sulphurous acid, chlorine or bromine. For spraying it may be used in the proporiton of two, four or eight drams to the gallon of water. For the fumigation of mattresses a little of the pure formalin should be placed, say, on a vaporizer under the bed, and to prevent too great diffusion of the vapor the lower part of the bed—that is, the legs—should be thoroughly covered in with paper. When one side is thoroughly done, the mattress should be turned and the fumigation repeated. I may say that I have tried this method and have been satisfied with the results.—London Lancet.

Waterproofing Cloth.

An account is given in Romen's Journal of Doring's process for waterproofing cloth, by which such satisfactory results are obtained, when the tissue is subjected to a precipitate of salts of the fatty acids. The cloth is passed into a special machine, in which it is saturated with aluminium acetate, dried and passed into a soap beck. A basic compound being necessary, equal weights of salts of aluminium and lead are employed, and care is taken not to introduce too large quantities of free acid with the aluminium sulphate, since the latter contains always a certain quantity of sulphuric acid, which, during desiccation, displaces the acetic acid. To avoid this inconvenience, they are added per liter from 10 to 80 grams of soda. The most favorable temperature is 50 degrees, and steam heat direct is avoided. In preparing the soap bath the fact is utilized that an aqueous solution of soap forms true solutions with mixtures of fat and resins, wax, mineral oils, and even caoutchouc, and to this end a 10 per cent solution of gum paraguay in oil of turpentine is taken. The proportions employed for a square meter of cloth are 30 grams tallow soap, 25 japan wax, 1.5 gum paraguay, 1 gram good varnish. The wax is first melted, the gum and varnish added, and for each kilo of solid is put 0.5 grams of a solution, saturated in heat, of potassium sulphide. The mixture is stirred and boiled, when sulphureted hydrogen is liberated; a boiling solution of soap is added, when the bath is fit for use.

Cannibalistic Scorpions.

During many years of scorpion hunting I never remember to have seen two individuals living together in amity, and even their more tender relations are tainted at times with the unamiable habit of cannibalism. The males are decidedly smaller than their mates, whom they approach accordingly with the utmost caution. If the fair inamorata doesn't like the looks of her advancing suitor she settles the question offhand by making a murderous spring at him, catching him in her claws, stinging him to death, and making a hearty meal off him. This is scarcely loverlike. On the other hand, if a dubious wife, the female scorpion is a devoted mother. She hatches her eggs in her own oviduct, brings forth her young alive—unlike her relations, the spiders—and carries them about on her back, to the number of 50, during their innocent childhood, till they are of an age to shift for themselves in the struggle for existence.—Cornhill Magazine.

Traveling In Ancient India.

Journeys in India a century ago were sleepy, lengthy and withal expensive luxuries. It was naturally a serious business to get to and from Europe, and masters of sailing vessels were, it seems, inclined to make their charges exorbitant to their luckless passengers. The honorable East India company, in its paternal relation to its servants, issued warnings, commands and regulations on the subject, but apparently with little result. At last a table was drawn up, wherein it was stated that, while general officers should pay £250 for their passage, an ensign should only pay £105 and a cadet £70. Commanders were warned that if by any ways or means, directly or indirectly, they should take or receive further sums of money for the same they should pay to the company, for the use of the Poplar hospital, treble the sum so taken.—Exchange.

A Wedding Ring In India.

The wedding ring in India is an immense nose ring which often hangs below the girl's chin. A beautiful little girl of 12 years was presented an elegant ring. Her father informed her that it was the gift of the husband, who was coming next week to the wedding feast. There is little or no ceremony, merely a grand feast and an exchange of presents. Upon the day appointed the little one, bedecked with jewels, arrayed in handsome clothing, in all her beauty, stepped forward to meet the bridegroom whom she had never seen. Behold, he was white with leprosy! Turning an appealing glance toward her father, who frowningly motioned her to advance, she approached the leper. A priest mumbled a few words, threw a sash over their heads, and they were man and wife. Oh, India!—New York Advertiser.

LINCOLN AFTER ELECTION.

His Pathetic Leave Taking of His Old Law Office and Neighbors.

I was in 1860 a reporter on the New York Times and was designated as the one to go to the house of Mr. Lincoln. I did so, and subsequently, after the election, I lived at the house with him for four weeks prior to his going to Washington, and when he went there for the inauguration I accompanied him. I had ample opportunity to study him in every relation of life. He was a magnetic talker, an excellent story teller, but above all a square man, to whom two and two made four, all the time, and no amount of trickery could ever make it three and ninety-nine hundredths. He always said precisely what he thought and nothing else.

I remember distinctly the night before he left his home in Springfield. It was raining desperately. I saw him hunt up a lantern and then get a candle and put it into the glass case and light it. He took his old long overcoat, which I thought at that time a funny looking garment, but which I see all the dudes wearing now, and opening the door he went out into the rain and darkness. I followed him, and we picked our way through the unpaved slippery streets until we got to his office. It was a very little office. There were a stove, some shelves laden with books, and a picture of a judge of the supreme court, and, by the way, I never went into a lawyer's office that I did not find a picture of a judge of the supreme court or of the court of appeals. There is always sure to be one or the other.

Well, when we got there he put his lantern down, and walking up to a table and musing, running his hand over the books there, he said, "Well, goodby, old friends." He stood a minute in silence, then furtively wiped away a tear from his eye, walked out, locked the door, and home he went. That did not amount to much, but it showed that the man had a little sentiment about him.

The next day it was raining great guns, but everybody roundabout for 20 miles had turned out to see the president elect start for Washington. I remember him as he stood just under the eave of the house, wearing his old high hat and the water dripping down upon it from above. The crowd wanted a speech, and he gave it to them. It was brief and was about like this—that for reasons beyond his understanding he had been selected to bear what he feared was a burden greater than that which had been put upon the shoulders of any citizen since this country was started, save possibly Washington, and all he had to say was: "If I have offended any of you, forgive me. I go to do my best. I ask your prayers. Friends and neighbors, goodby. I hope to see you soon again." He started away. Everybody cried, and the rain was coming down, and he never went back again.—Joe Howard's Lecture on Journalism.

Chauvinism.

Chauvinism is a term that has come to mean an extravagant and absurd patriotism and pride in one's own country, with a corresponding enmity toward and contempt for foreign nations. It is the French equivalent for the jingoism of the London music halls after Lord Beaconsfield's return from the congress of Berlin in 1878. The origin of the word is due to Chauvin, the name of a figure in the comedy "La Cocarde Tricolore" (1831) by the brothers Theodore and Hippolyte Cogniard, the action in which includes the conquest of Algeria. Chauvin is a young recruit who speaks much, displays great courage and sings several couplets with the refrain, "J'suis Francais, j'suis Chauvin, j'tape sur le Bedouin." The authors of the comedy, however, borrowed the name from that of Nicholas Chauvin, an old soldier of Napoleon, well known in his time in Paris for his devoted enthusiasm for the emperor. Calvin is a Latinized form of the same family name.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Why Windmills Burned Down.

Of the production of fire by the friction of wood against wood, windmills of the old construction gave, on a large scale, some disastrous examples. When the force of the wind increased, the miller was obliged to bring each of the sails in succession to the ground in order to unclothe it, but when sudden squalls came on this was impracticable, and the mill, in extreme cases, ran away—that is, could not be stopped.

Everything was now done to increase the grip of the wooden brake round the great wheel on the driving shaft, and water was poured copiously over them, but in spite of all this flames would sometimes burst out from the intense friction and the mill be probably burned down as the result. The beautiful machinery of the modern windmill, by which the miller controls the action of the sails from the interior of the building, has reduced this danger to a minimum.—Notes and Queries.

Satolli's English Speeches.

One characteristic of Mgr. Satolli is the power of his memory. His duties require him to make frequent speeches before American congregations, and therefore in the English language. He writes his speeches out in Italian, formulates in his own language and on paper what he wishes to say and in just what words he wishes to say it, has these speeches translated into English by his interpreter and then commits the English to memory. So wonderful is his memory and so thorough his mastery of detail that no one would suspect from listening to his utterances that he was not an English scholar. Although not understanding the words he speaks, he gives them an inflection and a pronunciation that are nearly perfect and proves that the power of imitation has been strongly cultivated within him, for he copies every emphasis taught him by the interpreter.—Boston Advertiser.

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Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George B Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 93 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 153 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 526 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 Wes Eighteenth-st.; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hisman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Ladin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4033 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3205 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queely's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a ; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av. J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 336 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemmenger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy., Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 681 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1088 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9230 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 915 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 420 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Leflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Hon ore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 22nd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 778 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 182 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Enlebracht, 1027 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 163 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1187 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 76 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 875 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 4906 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Charisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 183 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5800 Went Worth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, P DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

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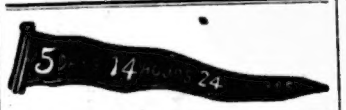

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